THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXIX. No. 985. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1950 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	53
WORLD VIEW OF FULL EMPLOYMENT	55
GREECE: THE THREE CHOICES. By Basil Davidson	56
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	57
THIS ENGLAND	57
NO MORE CRUSADES. By Sagittarius	58
DIVIDED GERMANY. By Heinrich Fraenkel	58
FARMERS' VOTE. By Mervyn Jones	59
FORGOTTEN COLONY	60
SO THEY SAY . . . By Autolycus	60
THE DECLINE OF PAWNBROKING. By C. H. Rolph	61
A QUESTION OF INSPIRATION	62
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	Page
Problems of Magnitude. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	62
A Perpetual Collector. By Patrick Heron	63
Radio Notes. By Michael Innes	63
The Movies. By William Whitebait	64
CORRESPONDENCE	65
From Julius Gould; Basil W. Smith; P. P. Panteluris; E. H. Athanassoglou; Darrell Spurgeon; Benn W. Levy, M.P.; P. Hutber; Kathleen Raine; Nigel Harvey; Maurice B. Reckitt; Barrington Kaye; and Hilary St. George Saunders.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	68
METAMORPHOSIS AND LAMENT. By Michael Hamburger	70
THE BIRDS. By Terence Tiller	Page 70
REVIEWS:	
The Golden Age. By Simon Harcourt-Smith	70
Redeeming the Time. By Rayner Heppenstall	72
John Skelton. By Iain Fletcher	72
Appearances and Realities. By Quentin Bell	74
New Novels. By Antonia White	75
Two Sides of the Rockies. By Norman MacKenzie	76
Snowdon. By Margaret Lane	76
The Under-Secretary. By R. H. S. Crossman	77
Children of Europe. By Walter Allen	78
Sir John Hawkins. By R. C. Wright	78
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	82
CHESS. By Assiac	82

Western Words and Eastern Parsnips

"NOT a single peasant's rice bowl has been filled or one Asian cultivator provided with a Diesel pump, but a number of civil servants are assured of further air trips in the Pacific." Is this comment on the Colombo Conference a superficial bit of cynicism or, when all is said and done, is it a truthful summary of Western statesmanship's effort to combat Communism in Asia? Are we to regard Colombo as a mere piece of political warfare—certainly futile, and probably damaging to the Western cause, unless (precedent notwithstanding) economic improvement moves as fast as the growth of national consciousness? The Imperialist Powers have a great deal of history to live down and a great deal of neglect and exploitation to atone for. Having waited to talk of "raising the standard of living of the primary producer" until Communism is on the doorstep, they cannot be surprised if their sincerity is not universally accepted. Fine words no longer butter Eastern parsnips.

The Western Powers have to thank Pandit Nehru for saving them from the blunder of allowing the Colombo Conference to spend its time in discussing a Pacific Pact. The conditions are different from those in Western Europe; the threat of American military aid could only be interpreted by the peoples of Asia, with the recent history of China in front of them, as another effort to win an Imperialist footing in South-East Asia. Pandit Nehru also successfully opposed the recognition of Bao Dai, knowing well, as his Consul's Memorandum to Mr. Attlee last autumn showed, that Bao Dai commands no serious following in Viet Nam, and that the French war against Ho Chi Minh is regarded throughout Asia as a mere reversion to old-fashioned Colonial aggression.

Positively, the Conference made two decisions. The first was that the High Commissioners in London of the countries represented at Colombo should meet to discuss a Japanese Treaty. Such a discussion cannot be of great importance, since the real issue is now being fought out in Washington, where the State Department's desire for a Peace Treaty, which will allow Japan to stand again on her own feet, conflicts with the plans of the Defence chiefs, who prefer a dependent Japan.

The second decision was that experts should meet in Canberra to discuss Mr. Spender's "self-help" plans for the Commonwealth. Mr. Spender urges that Commonwealth Powers, Haves and Have-nots together, should quickly co-operate in a scheme of economic mutual aid. He does not overlook the possibility that American aid may also be necessary in assisting Asian countries to carry out the industrialisation which, in some degree, is necessary for a higher standard of living. The only case in which the Conference seems to have reached the point of discussing figures is in Burma, where it was agreed in principle that Burma should be allowed to draw on London to the extent of £7 millions—to be subscribed, half by Commonwealth members, and half by Britain. For the rest, the plans still seem vague. Do the experts really need several months to gather the necessary information for their conference? It seems to be forgotten that elaborate surveys of South East Asia's needs have already been made since the war, particularly by the Economic Committee for Asia and the Far East (Ecafe). Is such a document as the Ecafe Economic Survey to be neglected because Ecafe is a specialised agency of the United Nations and, therefore, automatically "un-British"?

Only two months ago equally optimistic promises of economic assistance to under-developed areas were handed out at Lake Success. The odd fact is that nobody seems to inquire into the relation between the two plans. It is well that statesmen have at last discovered that the hunger of the common people of Asia is important but, unless expertism is translated into practice very quickly, and on a large scale, the peasants, whose appetite for blueprints is limited, will continue to believe that we are Imperialists.

Disappointing Statement

The Labour Party's new declaration of policy —*Let Us Win Through Together*—must be described as a singularly unsatisfactory document. All discussion of the external problem which threatens Labour's full employment and fair shares policy has been omitted, and all that is left is a series of good intentions backed by the expected assortment of proposals for nationalisation and "mutualisation." Neither the United States nor Marshall Aid are mentioned in the document; and the word "dollar" occurs only once in a passage justifying the con-

tinuance of controls. The result is that the National Executive has failed either to provide an adequate account of the Labour Government's remarkable achievements in weathering five years of crisis, or to show the necessity for a further advance towards Socialism. The title they have chosen is good enough. But the document omits to mention what the difficulties are which we have to "win through."

The Real Issues

The three problems which any Government will have to face, and which any election programme should discuss are: (1) how to achieve independence of American aid by 1953; (2) how to sustain our present burden of military commitments or alternatively, how to reduce them; and (3) how to tackle the problem of wages and profits. By skirting round all of them, the official party policy gives an impression of insularity and irrelevance, and fails to assist Labour candidates faced with the legitimate questions of an adult electorate.

This is all the more astonishing since there is no fissure inside the Party, between Left and Right, which prevents a clear statement of the nature of the crisis and the principles of a Socialist solution. We can only assume that sheer fatigue and the pressure of day-to-day responsibility for government were the reasons why the members of the National Executive permitted this opportunity to state Labour's case to go by default. Their failure cannot be excused by the probability that the Tory and Liberal programmes will be equally vague and evasive, but it can and must be made good in the election broadcasts.

Mutualisation of Insurance

When the decision to substitute "mutualisation" for nationalisation of insurance was announced before Christmas, we observed that the test of the new proposal for a Socialist would be the precise powers vested in the Industrial Assurance Board. The detailed scheme, issued now by Transport House in an excellently written pamphlet, shows that these powers will be much smaller than we had hoped. In particular, State control of the investment policy of the "mutualised" companies is expressly excluded. This means that the Labour Party has limited itself to the minor task of tidying up industrial assurance, by buying out the shareholders of the proprietary offices, vesting ownership in the policy-holders and gradually introducing economies in overheads. The major task—to obtain more effective State control of the investment market—has been dropped; and with it any serious attack in the course of Labour's second term on the freebooters of the City of London.

Dollar Imports

It may be true that, as Mr. Strachey told the Fabian Society last Monday, the "crisis situation" in world food supplies has been "largely overcome"; but, despite the Minister's apparent optimism, it is very doubtful if the same can be said about the dollar shortage. As the Economic Commission for Europe points out in its latest bulletin, the effect of devaluation has been appreciably to worsen the terms of trade for devaluing countries, and it is uncertain yet whether we shall succeed in securing in the U.S. market a volume of sales sufficiently increased to earn as many dollars as we were earning, say, in 1948.

This being so, the necessity for further restriction of dollar imports is obvious. Mr. Strachey rightly referred to the "massive switch" which has already taken place in food purchases from dollar to non-dollar sources. In 1946, we obtained no less than 36 per cent of our food imports from the dollar area. Today the proportion has fallen to 12 per cent., of which three-quarters represents wheat. But the process is clearly not yet over. In the latest statement of import plans presented to O.E.E.C. by the British Government, the following further cuts are foreshadowed:

	1949-50	1951-52
	(Million dollars)	
Grain	331	226
Sugar	107	52
Other food	91	36

Here, at a glance, is one big factor in Labour's case for planned expansion of Britain's agricultural output. Moreover, the proposed cuts in dollar expenditure extend beyond foodstuffs. Imports of petroleum from the dollar area are to be reduced from $113 million to $72 million, steel from $18 million to $3 million, and timber from $60 million to $40 million. It is against the background of these proposals that the need for the planned use of scarce materials has to be appreciated.

The Wage Thaw

The absence from the Labour manifesto of any realistic attempt to deal with the problem of wages, profits and prices is made the more remarkable by the result of last week's conference of trade union executives. The policy of wage stabilisation recommended by the General Council of the T.U.C. was endorsed, but only by 4,263,000 votes to 3,606,000. Not merely does this narrow margin contrast with a six to one majority, recorded at Bridlington last September, in favour of "stability," but it is significant that the National Union of Miners, which figured among the dissentients, was the only union to take a ballot of its members. Had the two large general unions, whose block votes made up half the total in the General Council's favour, also balloted their members, the result might well have been a decisive repudiation of the wage freeze.

As it is, apart from industries in which sliding scales are due for automatic revision, the whole issue of wage claims will doubtless remain in cold storage until after February 23. It will then, beyond doubt, come again to the front of the political stage. There is no reason to suppose that the unions, even those who voted "No" last week, will throw overboard all restraint or press indiscriminately for wage advances, regardless of the risk of inflation. By spring, however, we may expect a further increase in the cost of living, much more appreciable than the rise of less than 1 per cent. recorded last month; and the fact has to be faced that, from the lowest-paid railwayman to the highest-paid civil servant, there is now a strong and widespread feeling that a crude "wages-stop," without regard to the cost of living or the needs of undermanned industries, is a policy of negation which cannot be prolonged. The thaw must come.

Indian Republic

On January 26, Indians of all communities will celebrate the proclamation of the Indian Republic. In this country let us share in their rejoicing. Whatever happens, it is well that Britain has left the Indians to work out their own salvation. We may fear that much is going badly in India. There is an ominous growth of extreme Hindu nationalism. The Mahasabha and the R.S.S. (a large Hindu organisation of a semi-Fascist character) are growing bolder. At the other extreme, Communists, who have now started to throw bombs in Southern India as well as in Bengal, are no more likely to be suppressed by prison sentences than Congress itself was subdued by the British use of the same law. The Socialist Party has many merits, but is not effectively led. The speed of social change is far too slow. The cold war with Pakistan continues, and will continue to waste resources and brains of both Dominions, unless Delhi and Karachi can agree on a compromise over Kashmir. Good things must also be growing in India, though we are told little about them. Whatever happens, it is good that India should be an independent country; the only alternative was a protracted, undecisive, costly and morally destructive war, in which the British and the Indians would still have been killing each other. As it is, friendship, private and public, can grow between Indians and British.

Divided Germany

The *de facto* partition of Germany—an impression of whose effects on Berlin will be found in an article by a correspondent on a later page—forms the subject of a useful study in E.C.E.'s latest Bulletin, which analyses Germany's prewar and post-war inter-zonal trade. The conclusion is reached that trade between the Soviet Zone and the Western Zones has been reduced to one-fifteenth of its pre-war volume; that both zones are now intent on regional self-sufficiency, regardless of real economic cost; and that the Western Zones, though they exported roughly one-fifth of their production to other German regions in 1936, are better placed than the Soviet Zone for adapting their output to compensate for the disruption of inter-regional trade. That is, they have a larger area and their normal trade with foreign countries is more important.

On the other hand, the Soviet Zone is not so heavily dependent on imported foodstuffs; and, though it is short of steel, its manufacturing industry is shown to be largely complementary to that of the Eastern European countries with which it is likely to be more and more closely linked in trade relationships. Moreover, from the standpoint of Western Europe in general, and Britain in particular, the prospect has to be faced that recovery in the Western Zones is likely to mean competition from German goods manufactured on the basis of low wages. The end of rationing in Western Germany, be it noted, has been accomplished by the classic capitalist method of making goods too dear for workers to buy them.

Outrageous Nonsense

The Liberal Party has decided to teach the trade union movement how to conduct its affairs and has called for legislation to put the unions into a strait-jacket and largely to undo the Trade Disputes Act which a Liberal Government enacted in 1906. Posing as the friends of trade union freedom, the Liberals wish to impose restrictions on the right to strike, to set up an official body to adjudicate in inter-union disputes, to put fresh obstacles in the way of amalgamations, to make unlawful not only the closed shop but all attempts to make membership a condition of employment, and to enforce upon the unions a series of regulations about holding conferences, electing officers, taking postal ballots on all important policy issues, and other trade union matters.

The ostensible object of these extraordinary proposals for bringing the trade union movement under State control is to safeguard the industrialist against trade union tyranny, especially by making it easy for small groups to break away and claim recognition of their separate right to bargain collectively. Severance of the unions from political connections is also advocated. Possibly the Liberals who drafted this anonymous report think that "Back to Taff Vale and Osborne!" will make a good slogan. If so, we feel sure they are a long way off the mark, and we suspect that the Liberal Assembly, to which the report is to be submitted at the end of this month, will think twice before endorsing a set of proposals which goes far beyond anything the Conservatives have ever dared to suggest, and also far beyond the Republicans' wildest dreams when the Taft-Hartley Bill was taking shape in America.

Forgetting the Law

Legislating for rent controls is depressingly like taking a wooden horse to the water. Those who expected that the Landlord and Tenant (Rent Control) Act, 1949, would put an end to the scandal of "premiums" for flats and houses must wonder what has gone wrong when they look through the Press advertisements. "Premium for immediate occupation £500" is just as frequent as it was before. All premiums are now unlawful, except where a tenant is passing on to an assignee a premium which he himself was *lawfully* required to pay before the new Act came into operation. Many of the premiums now being demanded could be recovered by tenants who, once installed, would take the matter before the local Rent Tribunal.

The way to do this is to challenge the rent, however "reasonable" it might have been with no premium to disguise it. If tenants will not do this, presumably no one will help them; but they have nothing to lose, since the Tribunals have no power to increase rents, ample power to reduce them, and (in particular) power to order the return of premiums over a calculated period. The Ministry of Health, who put through this apparently drastic act of 1949, seem to be taking the view that its success or failure lies with the tenants. But one or two prosecutions under section 2(c), which adds a £100 fine to the liability to repay the premium, might prevent this measure from becoming a dead letter.

World View of Full Employment

FULL employment has become a declared objective of American, as well as of British, social policy. Mr. Truman is committed to it, as a policy, equally with Mr. Attlee; but in both Great Britain and the United States it remains a highly controversial issue. Neither the Tories here nor the American Republicans, even though they talk nowadays of the need for maintaining a high level of employment, really accept *full* employment as an objective, because, like the Right-wing Governments now in power in Continental Europe, they reject the necessary means to it as involving too much State intervention and control. The extensive unemployment that exists to-day in both Belgium and Italy shows what happens when the restoration of a "free" economy is put first and employment policy is relegated to a back seat.

It is also clear that, for many countries, the maintenance of full employment is an impossible task unless favourable international conditions can be assured. Even Great Britain would find it very, very difficult to keep up full employment in face of a really serious American recession; and the less developed countries, such as India, are simply not in a position to frame full employment policies unless they can be assured both of favourable world markets and of the flow of capital for investment on a scale sufficient to offset the American surplus in the balance of international payments. No doubt, in such undeveloped countries, the absence of full employment shows itself less in the numbers out of work than in the crowding of unwanted labour on the land. But the problem is essentially the same. Open and "concealed" unemployment alike means waste of sorely needed productive resources.

During the prolonged wrangles over the Charter of the International Trade Organisation and the temporary General Tariff Agreement, the question of national and international measures for the maintenance of employment was continually in the forefront, because it was clear that attempts to remove trade restrictions could succeed only if trade itself could be kept at a level high enough to make many of the existing restrictions unnecessary.

It was plain from the start that this meant that the Americans must give real assurances that their outflow of dollars, either for the purchase of imports or for foreign investment, would be kept steady at a high enough level to prevent depression both in Western Europe and in the primary producing areas. Clearly nothing short of this could either enable the backward countries to improve their standards of living or prevent the more advanced countries from being under the constant threat of having their exports sharply reduced by a fall in world demand.

The Assembly was urged, through its Economic and Social Council, to take this question up and to put forward concrete proposals for an international project designed to maintain full employment; and this week the five economists to whom the Secretary-General referred the matter have presented their unanimous report. An Australian, a Frenchman, an Englishman and two Americans are here found agreeing on a set of proposals* that opens up really immense possibilities and is utterly different in its entire approach from any report that could possibly have been proposed under such auspices even a few years ago.

In effect, what these eminent economists ask for is an automatic system for the maintenance of world purchasing power, to be brought into force at once upon the appearance of any serious signs of recession in any leading country. They ask that each country shall not merely take all measures in its power to prevent a fall in its own domestic level of demand, but that it shall guarantee to put at the disposal of the rest of the world a stable supply of its own currency, offsetting by deposits in the World Bank, available to other countries, any deficiency caused by a fall in its own demand for imports or by a rise in its exports relative to its imports. They contemplate the use of such funds mainly for financing development projects in the borrowing countries, and they ask for drastic revision of the statutes both of the International Bank and of the International Monetary Fund to make their proposals workable with the least possible time-lag.

Highly significant in these proposals is the recognition that private investment by the leading countries in the less advanced countries is incapable of reaching either the volume or the stability that the maintenance of full employment requires, and that lending by Governments to Governments through a neutral international agency provides the only possible answer. The report calls on Governments to stabilise both the volume of home investment and that of international lending, which is the key to orderly world development and to the avoidance of international economic crises. It insists throughout that both these objectives can be pursued adequately, if not as easily, by governments committed to "free enterprise" as well as by "socialistic" governments committed to economic planning. The signatories discreetly avoid calling too much attention to the great extension of State economic activity in the international field which their proposals imply.

Of course, it is a long step from getting a group of internationally minded economists to put forward a plan of this order to persuading governments—and particularly to persuading the United States, on which the whole thing depends—to act upon it. But at any rate we have at last the first blue-print for international action to prevent the world's economy from slipping back again into the disaster which fell upon it in 1931, and brought with it Hitler's conquest of Germany and, ultimately, the second world war. There is not the smallest doubt that these five economists are broadly right about what needs doing. The next step is for the Economic and Social Council to press the matter seriously, with a view to action before Marshall Aid runs out and the crisis it has staved off so far breaks upon us all.

* National and International Measures for Full Employment: Report by a group of Experts appointed by the Secretary-General, United Nations, December, 1949.

Greece: The Three Choices

[This is the first of a series of three articles by Basil Davidson, who visited Greece last month.]

It is just five years since the fighting in Athens. In December, 1944, the present Greek State—or "Skobia," as it was sometimes called at that time, after the British General who enabled it to survive—was quite a small affair. Its boundaries stretched from Constitution Square in Athens along the five or six hundred yards of what is now Queen Sofia Street as far as Kolonaki, where the well-to-do huddle together—and that was about all. Everywhere else, E.A.M. held sway.

In the years since then, by hook or by crook and with tremendous setbacks in 1948 and early 1949, "Skobia" has at last pushed itself out across the whole of Greece. The civil war seems to be over. Even so, Athens is still wary of admitting that all danger to their State is past. There is still the prospect, runs the official line, that the main forces of the guerillas may come back to Greece and join up with scattered bands who have remained in the country.

There is a further motive for caution: admission that all danger was past would mean demobilisation in a country which can offer no jobs to its soldiers and officers. It might mean an early reduction of the American aid now propping the fabric, and it would imply willingness to turn wholeheartedly to the civil problems which beset Greece.

For all that, the fighting is manifestly over for the forseeable future—perhaps the next two or three years. However incompetent Athens may possibly prove itself in settling the country, the Greek Communists appear to have shot their bolt for the time being. They fought a remarkable fight, enduring far longer than their enemies (and, one may suspect, most of their friends) thought possible; but they ended in an exhaustion which was apparently accompanied by divisions within their own ranks, and which was certainly accompanied by serious political mistakes—the most obvious (afterwards renounced by their leadership) being the smashing of textile spindles in Naoussa. Tito's change of front also damaged them. M. Canellopoulos, the Minister of War, pointed out to me that it meant at least that the Greek Army had no "Yugoslav frontier problem" after March or April, and that nearly two divisions were released for fighting.

Possibly it is too early to gauge how far the Athens régime may prove capable of facing its difficulties. But ominous warning signals are already flying. Never united or at truce even at the darkest moments of their war, the parties are now belabouring each other with full-throated abandon. "We are in for several months of the most unrestrained and irresponsible demagogy," was one leading official's view, "and you can take it from me that the next Parliament will be an even bigger mess than this one."

Like many influential people in Athens, this particular official would like to see "party government" (*i.e.*, parliamentary government) "temporarily suspended," to make way for a Cabinet of strong men and technicians, headed by Field-Marshal Papagos (whom everyone in the know seems to regard as little more than an elegant figurehead), but really conducted by an *éminence grise* called Spiros Markezinis. For the moment, however, a supposedly "neutral" Government has been formed to prepare for the coming elections.

In weighing up the practical difference between what passes in Greece for a parliamentary system and another open dictatorship such as that practised by Metaxas between 1936 and 1940, there is one preliminary but substantial point to be made. Although in the technical sense the Greek suffrage may be universal, the fact emerges that the total number of persons in Greece who may be said to exercise the slightest real influence on the political system must be many less than 50,000. The number may not be more than 10,000. "After all," a former Governor of one of the larger islands, and a most respectable figure in Athens society, told me, "there won't be more than about 5,000 of us who run Greece, and we all know each other."

These few thousands are the men who push—or can hope to push, with a spin of the political wheel—their fingers into the national honey-pot. Patronage—the system known as *rousfeti*—rules supreme. This puts an enormous premium on being among the "ins"; hence the large number of parties grouped round this or that individual whose programme consists simply and exclusively of a way of getting "in" and staying "in." It is a system of organised and amiable corruption which the exasperated American Mission has yet to devise a way of getting round.

Not unnaturally, none of the larger parties could possibly want a "strong Government," since in that case they would all become "outs," with every likelihood of remaining so for a long time. Thus within the limits of this "parliamentary system"—engaging the real interests of less than one per cent of the Greek population—the Populists are now the defenders of "democracy" against the wicked designs of the General Staff and Mr. Markezinis. "We are now," a Populist deputy said lately in conversation, "being forced rapidly to the Left!"

For the mass of the people, however, it can matter very little whether the dictatorship under which they live is open or, as at present, concealed. It may even be that an open dictatorship would serve them better—"security conditions" could not possibly be tougher—in that there might be less *rousfeti* and possibly an attempt here and there to win popular support by more than electoral promises.

The chances of an open dictatorship in the near future do in fact look rather favourable. There seems no doubt that the General Staff—and, therefore, the King—are under powerful temptation to sweep away politicians who embarrass and annoy them. By the end of the civil war, the Greek Army—under battering criticism from American liaison officers, who were often in practice field commanders, and under still more battering treatment from the guerillas—had achieved a great deal of efficiency; and the General Staff is probably the one comparatively competent and uncorrupt official entity existing in Greece today.

It is also the organ which really governs Greece, since martial law is extremely severe and is universal. Civil administration can scarcely be said to exist any longer outside the main centres of population. Even in the towns, the civil authorities operate under the watchful eye of the military. Much self-abnegation—never a virtue popular among Greek generals—will be required to give up all this power. Gradually, however, they must give it up—or take over government themselves.

British opinion here, in so far as it rises above an amused contempt for incompetent career-mongers, seems focused on keeping the Government "parliamentary" in face of a recurrent American tendency to lose patience, sack Parliament, and bring in the strong men and technicians—at present the Papagos-Markezinis "solution."

"Don't in any case imagine," remarked one British voice which deserves to be listened to, "that we can produce a nice Liberal and Social-democratic Greece, because of course we can't."

"Suppose we all pulled out?"

"Easy. They'd start scrapping again among themselves."

Not all British people here take this Mother-of-Parliaments view. Some look anxiously for a sign. There was the case of a senior British officer (no longer in Greece) who suddenly decided that Markezinis was the man to save Greece. He thereupon espoused that gentleman's cause so energetically that within a week or so the Populists, who had lately failed to pin down this dangerous rival on charges of gold smuggling, were able to say that Markezinis stood revealed as an agent of the British Embassy.

The real political problem, and the reason why no "middle way" is now thinkable in Greece, is essentially that the middle class remains too small, too provincial, and too thoroughly tied to the leading strings of a few big financial groups, such as those of Pesmazoglu and Bodosakis, to allow it to act as the platform and producer of a broad political movement. Eleftherios Venizelos tried to create a new middle class, but time and circumstance were against him; and where he failed it is quite clear that no living Greek has the remotest chance of succeeding.

The parliamentary system is thus reduced to the log-rolling activities of a tiny fraction of the population, unable to expand and acquire national significance, doomed always to be thrown aside by the industrialists and the generals whenever their parliamentary antics become too inconvenient. Many people in Athens seem to me to understand this situation perfectly well, even though their understanding may be barren of constructive thought. They admit to excessive pessimism for the future. "We shall have another dictatorship—and then you'll see, the Communists will have another go. And next time, God knows."

The alternatives, inexorably, seems to rest between the rise of a new and probably revolu-

tionary movement, such as E.A.M. was before the British destroyed it, a parliamentary system which is a mockery of the thing it is supposed to be, and an open military dictatorship. And the chances of the first lie ultimately in the fact that neither the second nor the third seem capable of change, seem capable of doing more than standing still. BASIL DAVIDSON

London Diary

ACCORDING to a careful B.B.C. calculation, in 1945 something over 41 per cent of the population was listening to each of the Party political broadcasts; and it was impossible to detect much difference between the size of the audiences for the various speakers. This is a really stupendous figure and, if it is repeated this time, it will mean that broadcasting has become far the most important influence in British elections. I am not surprised. One of the profound differences between ourselves and the Americans is that we believe ourselves superior to salesmanship and promotion; and the B.B.C. during elections indulges this sense of superiority by enabling us to participate without getting mixed up in a rowdy campaign. Listening quietly at home, and discussing it afterwards in the pub, the voter can feel that he is really making up his own mind instead of being got at or browbeaten into a decision.

This is one reason why Priestley's decision to broadcast in support of the Labour Party last Saturday was so important. Had he written the same facts and opinions in an article—even if it had been distributed in millions of homes—the effect would have been very small. But here was J. B. Priestley himself talking things over with me at home; enabling me to see all this political propaganda in its true proportions; telling me that I had a positive duty to grumble as long as I didn't vote selfishly; and making me feel a little ashamed of the remarks I made about John Strachey when I was eating my first steak last summer in a French restaurant. When broadcasting can achieve this sort of effect, what is left for the Party machines is, in the main, the marshalling of voters on polling day. Apart, of course, from the crucial decision who shall be selected to broadcast and who shall teach those that are selected how to broadcast!

* * *

An opinion on a current legal controversy, pronounced by an ex-Lord Chancellor, is supposed to have more weight than that of an ordinary Party politician. Mr. Morrison was, therefore, on strong ground in rebuking Lord Simon for his utterance on the question of election expenses which, as Lord Simon of course admits, can only be decided by the courts. I should feel less strongly about this typical Simonian intervention if I did not recall the instance in 1945 when, almost on the eve of the poll, he said that everyone knew the kind of writ that Professor Laski had taken out: it was only issued to stop discussion and would no doubt be withdrawn immediately after the elections. His remarks were broadcast, and so reached a wide audience which would have no chance of hearing a reply. A letter from Professor Laski's solicitors, pointing out, I understand, that his remarks, apart from other objections, appeared to be contempt of court, produced an inadequate letter of apology from Lord Simon. Many years ago, when Lord Simon intervened with great effect during the General Strike, I made up my mind he was no longer the Liberal whom, as an undergraduate, I had admired in the struggle to end "black-and-tannery" in Ireland; nor was he the kind of legal authority whom one respects because his legal opinions are clearly unaffected by political partisanship.

* * *

The story of Angeliki, the Greek girl, moves everyone who hears it. Blind, deaf and dumb, she has been brought to this country for treatment and, I am glad to say, there is some hope for partial sight and a good measure of hope that she will be able to speak. But she is only one of the Greek war orphans, chosen without political discrimination, who have been brought here by International Help for Children. Forty-seven have come already, and more are on the way. They spend a month at the I.H.C. hostel in Surrey and then two months or more living with a family. Children from other countries are included in this scheme for recuperative holidays. More than five hundred came last year, mainly from Germany, France and Belgium, and five hundred British children from poor homes went to the Continent. This seems an excellent arrangement. There is no shortage of families offering to take the children, either here or abroad. But I.H.C., which is a small voluntary body, needs funds to pay the fares of the children, to support its hostel and to cover other working expenses. I know that the Hon. Treasurer will be glad to receive donations at 43 Parliament Street, London, S.W.1.

* * *

I hope that Ritchie Calder's tour of the desert—he has just set out for the Sahara—will set a precedent for a new sort of collaboration between journalism and schoolteaching. The idea is simple enough. Calder is to visit the desert research stations in North Africa, Iraq, Persia and Palestine, in order to survey the work being done in fighting soil erosion and recovering areas for cultivation which have been captured by the invading desert sands. Two thousand years ago these deserts were part of the world's granaries. Iraq, for instance, which now, despite the riches of its oilfields, maintains about two million people in desperate poverty, is reckoned to have had eight million inhabitants when the Euphrates waters were canalised and properly used. A route map of Calder's journey has been prepared in advance together with a pamphlet describing the sort of things he is going to look at. In addition to writing articles for the *News Chronicle*, *Picture Post* and this journal, his job will be to provide, week by week, the raw material for school discussions on the world's greatest problem, how to make food production keep pace with the increase in population. Whether these periods will be called geography, ancient history or current affairs I don't know. But it is an interesting experiment for which credit must go to the British Section of Unesco which is sponsoring the scheme.

* * *

Last week there issued from 10 Great Turnstile, a very important political pamphlet called *Keeping Left*. It contained exactly that kind of analysis which—for mistaken motives of electoral tact, or tactics—was omitted from *Let Us Win Through Together*. This week, Great Turnstile's *Up the Poll*, by Sagittarius and Vicky, shows that we have not forgotten the British Socialist tradition which enables us to laugh both at ourselves and at our opponents. To understand the election you must read both pamphlets. Vicky (of the *News Chronicle*) is particularly happy, I think, in drawing Mr. Bevin. I like him as Tweedledum or Tweedledee (with Mr. Churchill); I like him, as Mother Gamp, "nursing a new constituency"; I like him with a double face. Says Sagittarius:—

> A double dial this statesman bears
> Through facing both sides of the map—
> One at the iron curtain stares,
> The other at the dollar gap.

I enjoyed particularly Vicky's Lady Bonham Carter, his Mr. Attlee as a reluctant dragon, and Mr. Churchill chalking up his own name. I like his split vote, spoilt vote and floating vote—the reader will recognise the types. "Sag." is at her best in "The Kremlins." The Kremlin, you will be surprised to hear, is a creature of "a peculiar political persuasion" which delights in catching us out when we are making a century at Lords, keeps the tap dripping when we turn it off, rams us into a lamp-post when we are "driving on the right side, not under the influence . . ." As usual, the most effective of her poems are the most simple. One, called "The Middle Class," ends:

> Both Governments are sent to try
> The groaning bourgeoisie—
> They're either bled for the F.B.I.,
> Or soaked for the T.U.C.

A neat, modern version of Virgil's tag about the Achaeans getting it in the neck—either way.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Amersham's Parish Council's War Memorial Committee have decided to place ornamental stepping stones in the War Memorial Garden fountain so that frogs in danger of drowning can get in and out.—*Star*. (Miss M. Leggott.)

— told the Bench that on the day in question he had just received the news that he was to become a permanent Civil Servant. "I could think of nothing else," he said. "I had just got everything I wanted in life."—*Harrogate Advertiser*. (J. Challenor.)

Mrs. Rafferty, plump-faced mother of four children, first learned to imitate dogs so that she could frighten burglars.

She hopes . . . to play the part of the dog Skulker in a radio version of "Wuthering Heights."—*Daily Mail*. (H. W. Grenville.)

It is well to make clear, with six weeks' electioneering to come, what this election will decide. It will decide whether, in the next stage of British recovery, the Government is to be Conservative or Labour.—*The Times*. (G. K. Menzies.)

NO MORE CRUSADES

"Containment of Communism now means specifically containment of Russian Imperialism."—Mr. Dean Acheson, January 12th.

America no more crusades will lead,
And therefore in the coming cataclysm
No conscript will be martyred for a creed,
No Christian die for anti-Communism,
No Russian for a Marxist syllogism.
Yet cold war moves towards the shooting stage
All-armed against old-style imperialism,
The Tsarist peril of an earlier age—
Though third world war will be
no armoured pilgrimage.

The Soviet and the Western ways of life
Stand poised in ideologic opposition,
But Fleets patrolling zones of civil strife
Smack strongly of historic repetition;
As once the Continental coalition,
So now Leagues of Atlantic and Pacific,
Forbidding territorial acquisition,
Russian expansion meet with threat specific—
The old war looms with weapons super-scientific.

One Power secures world-wide defensive bases
(What act of provocation stabilises?)
One Power indoctrinates the Asian races
(What argument expansionism disguises?)
So naked, new imperialism rises,
For neither will resign till one has gained
World rule, most glittering of battle's prizes,
Since Western sovereignty has been ordained,
And Soviet Communism will not be contained.

The world is dragged towards the final crisis,
Between World Powers
what room for intercession?
The races of mankind like sacrifices
Doomed in the war for sovereign possession,
Which pleads defence, and which commits
aggression?
It matters not when towns in ruin fall,
Prey to the old imperial obsession.
Who can avert this end forseen by all?
Can two so mighty Powers divide a world so small?

SAGITTARIUS

Divided Germany

I.—"NEVER THE TWAIN . . ."

. . . Or will they? In a three weeks' visit to both the East and the West of Berlin, I found the prospect dim, with little willingness on either side to face the other's realities. In the West, with every third person on the dole or short time, a glittering surface masks a sink of iniquity and bankruptcy. In the East, with practically no unemployed—the official figure is 13,000, but there is a demand for scores of thousands of skilled workers—there is an undisguised shabbiness disfigured by much less commendable social features. Whatever doubts—and they are many—arise about the ideological basis of life in the East, there can be no doubt at all about the solidity of its economic basis and long-term planning.

At night, on the West's Kurfürstendamm, shop-windows are flood-lit and full of luxury goods beyond the reach of 95 per cent. of the population. Shivering unemployed accost the stroller, whispering *Amis zwo fünfzig*, which means that they wish to sell you American cigarettes at 2½ Marks (4*s.* 6*d.*) per packet—bought from American soldiers in need of D. Marks for their Fräuleins. Street vendors offer you a hot sausage, complete with mustard and a stale roll, for 80 Pfennigs (1*s.* 6*d.*). The caterer—also one of the unemployed trying to supplement his dole—will throw in the information that business is bad: too little money about, and too much competition. This uncanny island of Very Free Enterprise survives precariously in the Red Sea.

How do ordinary people live, provided they have work? One of the family budgets I looked into was that of Hans Schmidt, a highly skilled worker who has a foreman's job in an East factory. But he lives in the West, which means that he gets 60 per cent. of his wages changed into Westmarks at par. After deductions he makes 340 Marks a month (about double an unskilled man's wage) and he gets, in consequence, 200 Westmarks. Of this, his fixed expenses—M.43 for rent, 10 for fares, 10 for gas and electricity, 7 for coal, 5 for insurance, 2 for his radio and 2.50 for newspapers—take just under M.80 (£6), which leaves him, for food and incidentals, M.120, or four Marks a day, plus his 140 Ostmarks, generally used for household purchases. This man, of course, is fairly well off and can easily support his wife and child in a tiny, makeshift flat. If he lived in the East and worked in the West, he would get 90 per cent. of his wages in Ostmarks, whose "free" exchange rate against Westmarks is roughly one to six.

The nominal value of Schmidt's wage is about 50 per cent. higher than he would earn if he worked in the West. His colleagues, who live as well as work in the East, get no Westmarks at par, but their basic costs—rent, food and fares—are met in Ostmarks at prices approximately one-sixth of those in the West. Showing his identity card at the booking office, the Easterner pays, in Ostmarks, for an underground journey for which the Westerner has to pay in Westmarks—in short, a halfpenny against 3*d.*

In this ludicrous situation, begotten and prolonged by mutual political spite, the only beneficiaries, in the West, are a small minority in the higher income brackets. On the whole, however—and particularly in terms of the "cold war"—I would say that this exchange lunacy substantially favours the East. It is certainly one of the causes for unemployment in the West and full employment in the East, to say nothing of the constant drain imposed on West Berlin finances, which have to be regarded in terms of pouring more and more Western "loans" down a sink.

For the moment, commodity goods in the East are still sufficiently expensive and shoddy to keep some trade alive in the West. The competition of the "free shops" in the East, which I shall describe later, is increasing but not yet fully effective. The immediate danger sign for the West is in the field of "services." Here, even now, the difference of real prices is so enormous as to shake the very foundations of that sector of West economy. If a Westerner wants a haircut he can have it near his home for one Westmark. But in the East it only costs him 1½ Ostmarks or 25 West Pfennigs.

Needing a manicure, I went to one of the luxurious shops off the Kurfürstendamm, asking (rather unnecessarily and, perhaps, tactlessly) if I could be attended at once, or if I should have to make an appointment. This caused an almost hysterical outburst on the part of the manageress. I was the only customer in that big shop, and the first that day. (It was after lunch.) My manicurist told me that she worked only two days a week, making about 18 Marks. This was supplemented by M.10 "part-unemployed" benefit. Her husband, a skilled technician, had been on the dole for more than a year. He was getting M.25 a week. They were paying M.60 a month for their room (including light and fuel), and they could just about manage to buy the bare necessities for themselves and their child. As the shop—like almost all hairdressers in the West—was facing bankruptcy, her job would fold up any day now. She had no hope of getting another job.

It is only when it comes to such special amenities in food, commodity goods and entertainment as the West has to offer that the Easterner is hopelessly handicapped. If he took his wife to a cheap seat in a Westend movie, it would cost him well over 20 of his Ostmarks—say, half of the average weekly pay packet. If he took her to a cabaret restaurant, it would cost him at least 400 of his Ostmarks, the monthly salary of a highly qualified clerk, East of the Potsdamer Platz. On the other hand, it costs the Westerner only the equivalent of a few pence to go to an Eastern movie; and, should the programme there deter him "ideologically," he can see a splendid *Faust* at the *Deutsches Theater* or some of the best opera in Europe for less than one of his Westmarks.

Particularly lucky is the lot of a student at the West University who is able to prove that he depends on an Ostmark allowance from a relative or friend in the East. Up to 90 Marks of his East remittance is changed by the authorities at par. The enterprising Western student, even if he has no generous relative in the East, can come to a standing arrangement with an Eastern acquaintance to borrow, for a few hours every month, the magic sum of 90 Ostmarks. He will get this changed into Westmarks, take 15 of them to buy 90 "black" Ostmarks for settlement of his debt, and keep a clear profit of 75 Westmarks.

The situation is even crazier with regard to books. A publisher licensed in the East as well as in the West must sell different editions of the same book at a price relation of 1 : 6. True, the East edition is not so neatly bound, and has coarser paper; but it is still the same book. It is strictly forbidden for any book of the East Berlin *Aufbau Verlag* (the biggest in Germany) to be sold in West Berlin, or in West Germany for that matter. Though some of that firm's titles are "ideologically tainted," many are unpolitical; the universal taboo applies even to their excellent new Goethe edition which, of course, is incredibly cheap according to Western standards. Inevitably, all these books are being handled "under the counter," with enormous profits to unscrupulous agents and mushroom shops, while the legitimate booksellers and the *bona fide* publishers are facing bankruptcy.

I put the question, how the deadlock could end, to scores of people. Most of the humbler

folk just shrugged their shoulders or answered as vaguely as the manicurist. As for the high-ups, three leading Communists (and several minor leaders) in East Berlin told me that their side had scored the two trumps of the year, China and the Russian atom bomb—they conveniently forgot the problems of Titoism—and went on to say that there was no deadlock at all, just a little breathing-space. Presently, the whole of Germany, indeed the whole of Europe, would fall into their lap like an over-ripe plum.

On the Western side, I found some of the high-ups so blinded by hatred and wishful thinking that they did not even see a challenge in the East. Two big industrialists and a prominent politician, high up in his party's counsels at Bonn, were strangely unanimous (although I saw them at different times and places) that it was really quite simple to end the deadlock; it was merely a matter of doing more efficiently what the appeasers just before the last war had vainly tried to achieve by means of the Hudson-Wohltat plan. In other words, it was for the Americans to "buy the Russians out" by a sufficiently substantial offer.

It would cost a lot, probably somewhere between 4,000 and 10,000 million dollars. But even this would be cheaper than war. It would have to be just enough to make it worth the Russians' while to retreat beyond the Urals—well, say, beyond Königsberg. The Oder-Neisse problem could be dealt with in the same way; and, as for the Eastern Germans, they would joyfully embrace the Western Way of Life. Even most of the Communists would, though maybe just a handful of their leaders would have to be strung up or expelled. Beyond the Urals, I supposed.

I find it difficult to decide which of these "authoritative opinions" on either side of the Curtain should be awarded the palm for crass inability to face facts. HEINRICH FRAENKEL

(To be continued)

Farmers' Vote

MR. A is a Fenland farmer. He has only lately become prosperous enough to be accepted into the horsey set who meet in the best bar in Downham Market. They had been trying to draw him out on politics, but Mr. A. kept his own counsel and stayed friends with everybody. Last week, however, when someone asked him to do his bit for the Conservative Party, which in 1945 lost the South-West Norfolk division in a straight fight by only 53 votes, Mr. A had had several whiskies. He burst out: "Do you think I'm daft? When your lot was in Government, I couldn't have put my nose in this bar. Look at that car I drove up in; bought it while the Socialists were ruining the country. Have a cigar! Ten years ago I smoked Woodbines and my workers couldn't afford them. I'm not going to vote good money out of my pocket."

Mr. B., when I met him, was having a late Sunday breakfast in the brightly painted kitchen that looks out on his 900-acre farm. He sees no quick profits in farming: costs are going up, especially of new buildings necessitated by new methods; if it cost £20,000 to run his farm last year, it will be £21,000 this year and £22,000 next. But this is the first Government that promised the farmer guaranteed prices in peacetime and kept its word. Mr. B. approves of the marketing schemes, fair allocation of imported machinery, and so on. He voted Labour in 1945 and he reckons to vote Labour again.

Mr. C. isn't impressed by guaranteed prices. Any Government, he says, can give guaranteed prices when it can't afford to buy food abroad; let's see them guarantee prices when foreign food is cheaply obtainable, and then we'll start cheering. Mr. C. sees a danger sign in the present imports of Italian tomatoes. Anyway, he isn't sure he wouldn't rather see guaranteed prices go and ceilings with them; it's a seller's market, isn't it? Not all these controls are necessary, he adds. He doesn't see why red petrol is rationed when he can get a thousand gallons for the asking; on the other hand, he resents having to beg for five gallons of white. This Government isn't too bad as Governments go. He doesn't care who gets in and probably won't vote.

Mr. D. lives at the Hall, dominating the village in every way. Family portraits, reaching to Elizabethan times, look down on the wide staircase. Mr. D. voted Labour in 1945 from resentment at Chamberlainism and the drift into war. But now he has lost interest in wider issues, feels that it looks silly for a man in his position to be Labour, and says frankly that he'll support the Tories because they look after the property-owner. He admits that he approves of much of what this Government has done, and gets heated only over the treatment of the motorist, which he regards as a punitive class measure ("Save dollars? What about these blasted American films?") He is unlikely to do much for the Tory cause beyond voting, and finds it quite natural that nearly everyone in the village will vote Labour.

Mr. E. is a lifelong Tory, a hunting squire of the old school; he farms 2,000 acres. He says that taxation is too high and the pound is losing its value. Labourers stop work when the whistle blows (actually, most of his workers are on piecework); a man before 1914 was worth two of the present sort; why can't they work like the German prisoners? Still, things are much better than in the 'twenties and 'thirties. Mr. E. is emphatic that Tom Williams is the best Minister of Agriculture he remembers. His final word is that politics are rotten; he would like a Coalition.

These people live in what must be the most purely agricultural constituency in Britain. Out of the 42,000 voters, 8,000 live in the three small towns, but most of them depend broadly on farming for a living; and the rest are farmers and farm labourers. Part of the area is Fenland—entirely restored, to outward appearance, after the 1947 floods; but the land will take much longer to regain its fertility. The Government is given credit for energetic measures taken to repair the disaster. On the Suffolk border, where twisted pines and heathland give the landscape a Germanic air of romantic melancholy, large fir forests have been planted and the timber industry has been expanded since the war. Most of the division, however, forms part of the fertile, undulating plain of central Norfolk.

The farms are larger than elsewhere in Britain, and highly mechanised. I was told that the stretch between King's Lynn and East Dereham has more machines than any comparable area in the world. The growth of farming companies has more than compensated for the breaking up of some traditional estates. The big farmers, on the whole, look on this Government with favour. Those who vote Conservative will do so out of habit or snobbery, or else from resentment at some specific control, or because of a lurking fear of nationalisation of the land. The Norfolk farmer is too tight-mouthed for an outsider to guess at percentages.

The small farmers, equally afraid of agglomeration and nationalisation, and aggrieved because guaranteed prices do not extend to fruit or most vegetables, are probably the anti-Labour element. They are inevitably more dependent on good years and bad years than the big men, and the concept of planning has little reality for them. In this class there is a great deposit of "instinctive" Toryism, especially among the women, who are very hard to attract to meetings. Still, life is better for the smallholder, too. And a factor favouring the sitting M.P., who is a Nonconformist lay preacher, is the persistence among the small farmers of the Puritan tradition. There are a few solidly Catholic villages, one dominated by a Catholic family who have been at the Hall since 1066. The Catholics hereabouts seem to live in a world of their own; they will vote Conservative or abstain, regardless of social or economic position.

By far the most numerous class of voter is the farm worker. Norfolk still has a number of unskilled labourers, especially on sugar-beet farms. Politically backward and highly conservative in their habits, some will vote Tory because their fathers did, or from deference to the gentry. But most Norfolk farm workers to day are skilled men with mechanical knowledge and as up-to-date an outlook as in any town. Among these, touching the hat to the master is a thing of the past. They can be trusted—unless some line of Tory propaganda during the campaign finds an echo in a half-forgotten prejudice—to vote solidly Labour.

Earnings average £5 10s. to £6 a week; even for post-war houses the rent rarely exceeds 17s. 6d. a week; and the countryman's expenses are few. He needs an old battledress where the clerk wears a suit, or the factory worker oil-proof dungarees; rides a bicycle where the townsman pays rising train fares; sees films organised by the cinema club at the village hall while town folk go to the Odeon; collects free "firing" in the woods while the rest of us pay more for coal. Increased wages have been a more tangible benefit and rising prices less of an irritation than among the urban voters. On the other hand, the self-reliant country people are less grateful for the social services, and the opposition of some well-established doctors still prejudices them against the Health Service.

Socialists may have their doubts about some aspects of Labour's farming policy. Mechanisation has meant big bank credits; would Government loans on the New Deal model have been better? As farms sell for bigger sums, can more be done to help the young man to "buy in"? Are we heading for a capitalist agriculture controlled by big companies? But few of these questions will affect the result in South-West Norfolk. "They Tories say the crash is coming, but things go on all right for what I can see," said one voter. Another summed things up thus: "Farmer and farm worker both are living better, eating better, dressing better—that's what counts down here."

MERVYN JONES.

Forgotten Colony

(By a Correspondent)

ALONG the water-front, in the light of an outsize Caribbean moon, Negro couples stroll hand in hand, not unduly worried by the colony's statistical illegitimacy rate of 70 per cent. In the Kiplingesque European club, the wives of Anglican missionaries, as their knitting needles fly, deplore the "immorality of the natives," while bored young blondes, watching their men play endless billiards, count the months and days before they can go Home. The rest of Belize lies tranquil in its squalor—garbage dumped in the big ditches which run through the town and are washed out twice a day by the tide. Every once in a while a hurricane sweeps in and splinters the wooden houses. Nothing has yet swept out malaria or the seemingly immortal Panama lottery.

In this forgotten scrap of the British Empire, the present storm over the devaluation of the local currency is only one symptom of deeper popular unrest arising from bitter poverty. Since the middle 'thirties, British Honduras had been on a dollar exchange standard; and, last September, it was decided that the colony should not follow the devaluation of the pound. But disastrous drought, hitting hard the output of chicle and citrus fruits for export, enforced a change of mind. For the population of Belize, already balanced precariously on the edge of starvation, the consequent sharp increase in the cost of living has been the last straw.

Of the colony's population of about 70,000, the great majority are Negroes, descendants of slaves or immigrants from Jamaica and other West Indian islands. Along the coast, some 6,000 Caribs, Indians with a strong mixture of Negro blood, "get by" on a diet of cassava and fish caught with the aid of dug-out canoes. In the rainy, forest-clad interior there are perhaps 20,000 Maya Indians, kin to those in Yucatan and Guatemala, speaking their own Maya-Quiché or broken Spanish. They live in little villages, grow plots of maize for subsistance, and work for the chicle bosses on an iniquitous truck system which keeps them in debt generation after generation. Even that livelihood may fail them since scientists have now invented a synthetic chicle to keep American jaws moving.

The governing oligarchy is White or "coloured." Under the $500 property qualification, most of the population is disfranchised, and under 3,000 voters elect six of the thirteen-man Executive Council, over whose meetings the Governor presides. With radio reception poor, and the local paper a strictly official bulletin, education is largely in the hands of nuns and Jesuits from St. Louis. To-day the real *éminence grise* in the whole set-up is the agent for the Colonial Development Corporation; he has money to spend.

Economically, the colony has possibilities. Exceptional droughts apart, grapefruit and oranges do well; oil-nuts are plentiful; some sugar cane is grown; and it might be possible to make starch from the cassava roots. The Government, with the co-operation of the Jesuits, has lately started rice co-operatives in an attempt to raise more food locally. But the main occupation is still lumbering mahogany—a seasonal business which is dependent on the American market, leaves Belize full of unemployed half the year, and pays wages of about $25 a month, plus a food allowance, when it is in action. One big company holds as a concession one-fifth of the land in the colony. There has been little done in the way of forest conservation, but recently a ten-year programme has been drawn up and Whitehall has contributed £50,000 to expand the forestry department.

Since Britain can neither take the mahogany, chicle and citrus fruit which British Honduras has for export, nor supply the flour and canned goods it needs, most of the colony's commerce is with the United States. There have been hopes here that devaluation of the Honduras dollar might attract American capital, either to stimulate the flagging production of bananas or to revive the once-promising but now extinct cocoa industry. Whether or not British Honduras qualifies for Fourth Point development to make good Britain's past neglect, one fact is clear: unlike the West Indies, the colony is geographically part of Spanish Central America. It cannot prosper, it can hardly live without trade from the Latin Republics on its borders; and part of the recent deterioration in the colony's economic position is due to Guatemala's cutting off exports from its northern province of Peten as a move in her campaign for retrocession to her of the colony.

So far, the British Government seems adamant in its refusal to recognise Guatemala's claim; and since Guatemala is a *mestizo* and Indian nation, with strong anti-Negro prejudices, it would be an injustice to hand over the English-speaking Negroes of Belize to direct Guatemalan rule; after all, they fought for England in both great wars and did very valiantly. Nevertheless, common sense suggests that Guatemala needs Belize as a port on the Atlantic as badly as Belize needs shipments of chicle and lumber from Peten; and if, as is rumoured, oil has been found in Peten, an outlet from Guatemala to the coast will be even more important. Meanwhile, the colony is a burden to the British taxpayer and a monument to a policy of still unredeemed colonial neglect, while Britain's attitude towards Guatemala, one of the few democratic nations of Latin America, is piling up, in Mexico and Central America, a mountain of resentment.

This may be only one tiny sore spot on a sore world, but healing it might be good practice for bigger blights. Possibly the solution may be found in a frontier rectification in Guatemala's favour, with transit rights to a free port in Belize; or it may be that British Honduras should become an autonomous State under British protection, free to join a Central American customs union. There is surely scope for the exercise of diplomatic ingenuities, and certainly need. In present conditions, it is doubtful if the American capitalist will undertake risks which the British investor can no longer shoulder. Yet, without more capital for development, British Honduras will go on suffering from the inexorable pressure of population. Indeed, the colony's chief immediate import need is slot machines for contraceptives, with free slugs to drop into them.

Belize, January.

So They Say . . .

IT would perhaps be unkind to suggest that the popular daily papers are taking advantage of public interest in the General Election to do a little circulation-building on the side; but the hand of the circulation manager can plainly be discerned in the outbreak of urgent reasons why readers should place their orders TO-DAY.

The *Daily Express* has easily retained the All-Round Stunt Title with no less than three sets of CASH PRIZES and a GREAT CABINET-MAKING CONTEST. On January 11, readers were invited to "anticipate the result by picking the Cabinet of their choice," which involved filling in a coupon blank nominating the Prime Minister and 12 key Ministers. The *Express* also offered £25 for the best letter, "Why I want to see my party in power," and £10 for the best electioneering slogan (for any party), with a guinea for every one published.

The *Express* has, so far, distributed its guineas with fine impartiality—the score, to January 17, reading: Tory 15; Labour, 14; Liberal, 3. Finally the *Express*, suggesting that it would be a "Ration-Book Election," started a feature called "The Housewives Speak" (first batch: 2 Tory, 2 Labour, 1 won't vote), and offered an EXTRA PRIZE of £25 for the best letter from a woman on "How I think Women should vote—and why."

The *Daily Herald* also jumped in with cash prizes to compete with its capitalist rivals. It was, however, more selective than the *Express;* while offering £65 for the best "pointed and snappy" slogans, it limited the field by restricting them to the role of "putting Labour into power again." Thus cramped, the standard of authorship has rarely risen above the level of: "Labour Inn—No Ails, Only Good Spirits."

The other source of ready cash for indefatigable correspondents was the scholarly *News Chronicle,* which unbent sufficiently to offer one guinea for all printed specimens of election wit; *January 16:* "DON'T MISS THE HUMOUR OF THE HUSTINGS." But the *News Chronicle's* biggest splash was its "all-party forum" on "The Great Debate." "This is the most important political forum any newspaper has ever staged," it proclaimed (January 9). "There will be a tremendous demand for the *News Chronicle.* Make certain of your copy . . . . TO-DAY."

The *Daily Mail* also announced (January 11) a feature devoted to "The Great Debate," or "The greatest open all-party platform in modern journalism . . You, as a voter, cannot afford to miss these articles . . place your order NOW." The *Mail* followed this up (January 17) by handing its open, all-party platform over to its readers. "YOUR chance to speak," it proclaimed to its presumably eager readers.

The *Daily Mirror*, with the largest circulation already, at first simply told its readers: "YOU HAVE A DATE," and promised to "see that the facts and the arguments of the parties are laid before you." On January 16, however, the *Mirror's* strip cartoon characters, Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles, appeared on the front page. "JOHN AND GLADYS WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU," they confided, inviting election letters, which would be discussed under the chairmanship of John Ruggles himself.

The *Daily Graphic* kept aloofly clear of this readership scramble—although, on January 14, it did start a column (to be developed election-wards?) "in which everyone will want to appear," called "NICE PEOPLE," which it promised would be "shamelessly cheerful, resolutely good-tempered."

The *Daily Worker's* readers, already accustomed to circulation drives and daily appeals for the "People's Press Fighting Fund," were doubtless least surprised to read Harry Pollitt's front-page appeal for funds to help the 99 Communist candidates: "We cannot wage this titanic campaign without money."

AUTOLYCUS

The Decline of Pawnbroking

ABOUT two years ago I had occasion to wear a hat. This is unusual; and, the occasion over, I sought a place where I could leave it for the rest of the day. I chose a railway left-luggage office, paid fourpence, and forgot the hat for three months.

"Eleven and six, please," said the man in the luggage office when at last I went back. I was staggered. The hat might have been worth five shillings, no more. "That's the charge," said the man. "Been here three months. Fourpence a day, bob a week, four bob a month, eleven and six for three months." Snatching the hat and running was too hazardous. I renounced it and left it there, precious though it now seemed for the first time. "Try the pawnshop next time, guvnor," the man called after me.

At the time I thought he spoke in contempt, but I now know that he was both wise and kind. A pawnbroker would perhaps have lent me two shillings on my hat and charged me only an extra twopence-halfpenny when I redeemed it at the end of my three months: a halfpenny for the pawn-ticket, "a halfpenny for each two shillings or part of two shillings" for each calendar month, and an extra halfpenny for each five shillings by virtue of the Pawnbrokers Act, 1922, the only concession pawnbrokers have had from the law in 78 years. And these are the men who, in competition with each other as well as with railway left-luggage offices which have always been run at a loss, have for so long "ground the faces of the poor."

Prompted by the recent White Paper on National Income and the belief that pawnbrokers are busiest when people are hard up, I have been looking into the pawnbroking business. Pawnbrokers tend to be uncommunicative and suspicious of the Press (which on the whole has always treated them badly); nor were attempts to pawn my typewriter and overcoat of any use as introductions to off-the-record conversation. But when, with persistence and some valued introductions, I had managed to break down their reserve, I made two discoveries. First, they are often considerate business men, doing for the poor precisely what the banks do for the rich. Secondly, and surprisingly, they are busiest, not when people are hard up, but when they have money to spend, want more, and can confidently intend to redeem their pledges.

It was otherwise fifty years ago, when pawnshops were full of pledges brought in by people compelled to pawn tools, household goods, and clothing, to buy food or pay their rents. "As soon as the conscience of the community is awakened to this fact," said a passionate and rather unbalanced Fabian Tract written in 1899, "the pawnbroker will no longer be permitted, and even practically obliged by law, to charge 25 per cent per annum . . . on small loans for short periods with insignificant risk."

At that time, and indeed for twenty years thereafter, it was a common sight in many parts of London and the large provincial cities to see long queues outside the pawnshops, laden with Sunday suits, clocks, ornaments, violins, flat-irons and a host of other articles barely eligible for "popping"—and for redemption with the following Friday's pay-packet. "Professional pawners" went round and collected the stuff in some districts, charging a penny a bundle for their services. Under the Pawnbrokers Act of 1872, the pawnbrokers could charge 25 per cent per annum (½d a month for every two shillings) on loans of less than two pounds—they can now charge slightly more. This kind of transaction comprised the bulk of their business; but not, they have always protested, of their profits. These came, and come, largely from pledges of over £10.

Consider the interest on a 2s 6d pledge. The legal charge on such a loan for a day, a week, or a month is 1½d, which includes ½d for the pawnticket. For this the pawnbroker has to write two tickets, wrap up the pledge, label it, stow it away in safe keeping, enter all the details in a book which is open to inspection, and make another entry when the pledge is redeemed. (Tickets and books must, says section 12 of the 1872 Act, be written up in a "fair and legible manner;" the penalty for bad writing—so far as I know the only such penalty imposed by the law on anyone—is a fine of £10 plus forfeiture of all property in the goods and of any lien for the money lent.) Several pawnbrokers assured me that 80 per cent of the pledges are for sums of less than ten shillings, that more than half of these are for five shillings and under—and that 75 per cent of the total are redeemed within a month.

I had little opportunity to check these figures; but, if the rate of redemption in some of the registers I was shown may be taken as typical, they may well be accurate. If so, there is little relevance in considering the halfpenny-per-two-shillings rate on the annual basis that makes it look so usurious. It is essentially a weekly trade. Pawnbrokers are often accused of charging two or three hundred per cent interest, but the figure is a rhetorical one, arrived at by assuming, for example, that a two-shilling pledge is redeemed and re-pawned every day for a year at a halfpenny a time.

Comparison with the banks, of course, reminds you that the pawnbroker, who never charges less than the 25 per cent allowed him by the law, always has his "security" on his shelves, and is dealing with people who may be halving their loans while bank-borrowers may be doubling their overdrafts. But to restrict the pawnbroker to an interest of, say, 5 per cent per annum would be to set him the task of collecting a tenth of a penny on two shillings lent for a month. There would, that is to say, be no pawnbrokers; and the poor who, in the past, supplied the overwhelming majority of their clients, would have been forced to sell their goods outright or go to moneylenders.

As it is, pawnbroking is a dwindling business. After the first world war, the rapid growth of hire-purchase and other forms of instalment trade introduced a vast new public to the cloud-cuckoo land of living on credit. The depressions of the 'twenties convinced pawnbrokers that, as I have said, their trade could no longer flourish when people were hard up. And large sections of the "pawning classes" were drawing unemployment pay. The number of pawnbrokers' licences in England and Wales fell below 3,000 for the first time in twenty years; in Birmingham alone, over 100 pawnshops closed between 1918 and 1921. There was a recovery to 3,294 by 1930, but in 1935 the number was again 3,000 and to-day it is 1,726, a drop of nearly 50 per cent in fifteen years.

This, said some of the pawnbrokers I spoke to, was due to the growth of a middle-class "respectability" which, though it would mortgage its whole life with building societies and banks and hire-purchase amenities, shrank in horror from the only kind of pawning that still unashamedly bore the name. Others said it was due to the new social security schemes ("no one needs the old pawnbroker now"), and others that many brokers were giving up their licences because their stock-rooms were full of unredeemed but quite unsaleable goods.

"Women are the trouble" was the traditionally masculine burden of pawnbrokers' complaints in the West End. "They buy new and fashionable dresses, wear them once or twice, and then pawn them with no intention of redeeming. We're bound to keep them a year and seven days. After that, if the loan was for less than ten shillings, they become (if we want them) our absolute property; and if for more than ten shillings, we can put them up for auction and join in the bidding ourselves. But who wants a dress a year old?"

Women also pawn their fur coats in the spring, not because they need the money but because they know the pawnbroker will keep the furs in cold storage, insure them, and guard them against burglar and moth. At the first

chill of autumn the furs are redeemed, perhaps for a charge of ten or fifteen shillings. Pawnbrokers are not enthusiastic about this kind of business, and it is a sign of infirmity in their trade, of the inertia that accompanies the slackening of competition, that they more often refuse to take pledges than they did.

At one time, it is said, the pawnshops in London out-numbered the pubs. To-day, there are 4,000 pubs to 320 pawnshops—and not one of the latter, incidentally, is to be found on a new housing estate. Changing social conditions in this country are killing a branch of private enterprise that is 1,000 years old; while in Continental countries, where the pawnshops are municipally or State controlled, they continue to flourish.

C. H. ROLPH

(To be continued.)

A Question of Inspiration

THE other day we received the following letter from a correspondent:

Sir,—In Clifford Dyment's new book, *Poems 1935-1948*, there is included the following poem:

SAINT AUGUSTINE AT 32

Girl, why do you follow me
When I come to the threshold of the holy place?
My resolution falters: it seems a death to enter
When, turning back, I look into your face.
I saw you when I lay alone
And ran from you as from a searching light
Into the gentle, acquiescent
Obscurity of the night.
I crave communion that is not words
And life fulfilled in my cell alone—
And you, you come with your lips and your gold hair
And at your feet is a leaf that the wind has blown.

The lines struck me as familiar. I turned up the *Poetry Review* of June-July, 1949, and there read:

THE NOVICE TO HER LOVER

Why must you follow me
When I come to the threshold of this holy place?
My resolution falters and it seems death to enter
When, turning back, I look upon your face.
I could renounce you when I lay alone;
I ran from you as from a hungry light
Into the gentle, the infinite, the healing
Clemency of the night.
I crave an eloquence that is not words,
I seek fulfilment in the kiss of stone—
But you, you come with your mouth and your dark hair
And at your feet a leaf that the wind has blown.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

In Mr. Dyment's book his poem is dated 1944. I therefore consulted his 1944 volume, *The Axe In The Wood*, and there found the poem in a version even nearer Miss Sackville-West's. The mystery of the parallel between the two poems has puzzled me. I am unable to find any explanation. Can any of your readers?

LEONARD HICKMAN

Clearly, Mr. Hickman raised a fascinating question. But perhaps there was a simple explanation—for instance, that both Mr. Dyment and Miss Sackville-West had, unknown to each other, adapted or translated some earlier poem. So, before printing Mr. Hickman's letter, we decided to send a copy to the poets themselves.

From Mr. Dyment we had this reply:

Yes, I have heard about the extraordinarily puzzling similarity between the two poems, as Miss Sackville-West herself wrote to me about it. I am as mystified as she is. All I know is that my poem was first published in January, 1943, in the *St. Martins' Review* and subsequently reprinted in book form in 1944 and 1949, and that it is not a translation. I think it would be very interesting if Mr. Hickman's letter were published, as it might bring forward other cases of the same sort of thing. It's all very odd.

And from Miss Sackville-West:

The facts, so far as I am concerned, are:

(*a*) I wrote my poem *The Novice to her Lover* some time in 1942 or early in 1943, when I was engaged on an essay* about St. Thérèse of Lisieux, the "novice" I had in mind. I put the poem away and thought no more about it. I did not even get it typed, and no one saw it except one person, to whom, as a recently converted Catholic and a devotee of St. Thérèse, I sent it embodied in a letter. I have now made inquiries from this person, who assures me that she neither showed the poem to anyone, nor caused any copy of it to be made. Thus, no one but myself and this one other person had seen my poem, until—

(*b*) The *Poetry Review* wrote to ask me for some unpublished verses of mine for their Jubilee numbers in the summer of 1949. I then looked through my MSS. Book; I found this poem; and they duly printed it.

(*c*) In November, 1949, I borrowed a copy of Mr. Dyment's *Poems*, published by Messrs. Dent, and therein read with some astonishment a poem which I recognised as almost identical with a poem of my own.

(*d*) I then immediately wrote to Mr. Dyment who, I felt, must be as puzzled as I. He agreed that he was; but reminded me of a letter I had written him in 1944, in reference to his book of poems entitled *The Axe in the Wood*, of which he had sent me a copy through his publishers, Messrs. Dent, and in which his poem *St. Augustine at 32* was included. It seems that in my letter to Mr. Dyment I singled out this poem for especial praise. The whole story becomes less and less explicable.

Why did I not recognise my own poem in Mr. Dyment's volume in 1944?

Why did I recognise it at once in Mr. Dyment's volume in 1949?

How did Mr. Dyment and I come to write the same poem, in a rather unusual metre, about two very different saints, at approximately the same time, i.e. 1942 or 1943?

It is of course, unthinkable that either I or Mr. Dyment should have "lifted" a poem from one another. That supposition can be dismissed. But what, then, is the explanation?

I have none to offer.

Have our readers any explanation? Or knowledge of any similar instances of the same inspiration visiting two poets?

And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic Harps diversely fram'd,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweep
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze . . .

Is this an illustration of the poet acting, as Coleridge believed he might, as an Aeolian harp? Or is there a less romantic explanation, such as a common source in some book of memoirs or devotions which both poets had read and both forgotten?

*Published in *The Eagle and the Dove*, 1943.

The Arts and Entertainment

PROBLEMS OF MAGNITUDE

TOWARDS the end of last year a fat little Pelican called *The Symphony* made its appearance: a 450-page symposium—wonderful value for half-a-crown—in which symphonies by 21 composers are analysed and discussed by 21 different writers. As we dip and potter through the centuries from Haydn to Bax, nothing strikes us more forcibly than the ever-increasing girth of the symphony. How elaborate, imposing, complex, how frequently pretentious, the symphony has become; above all, how long! Where once a select gathering was agreeably entertained, now a vast multitude is harangued and bludgeoned with rhetoric, or lulled with soporific charms.

To this middle-aged spread the other arts offer no parallel. On the contrary. Five-act tragedies, three-decker novels, multi-volume biographies; the epic poem and the grand historical canvas: all these belong, for the most part, to the ampler past. In music, one man and two works turned the scale, and set the new fashion for magnitude and profundity: Beethoven, and above all his Third and Ninth Symphonies. Not only were these symphonies twice or thrice as long as usual, but their subject-matter and content were evidently of a more heroic and powerful order. Within a few years the symphony had ceased to be a diversion for civilised listeners, and had become an Epic of Sound: something to be approached with caution by composers, and with reverence by the listener. Throughout the nineteenth century, the cult of the monumental symphony spread; only the gentle Mendelssohn, the neglected Goetz, and perhaps the rustic Dvorak wrote symphonies designed, as in the eighteenth century, merely to please. In Berlioz, love of the colossal found vent mostly in gargantuan scoring; he invented also, as Mr. J. H. Elliot points out, the "propaganda-poster" type of symphony now much cultivated in Russia. Brahms, whose Alexandrine good taste rendered him immune from such excesses, declared gloomily: "A symphony is no joke," a remark which would have puzzled Haydn; but in practice he allowed a feminine *grazioso* element to lighten, here and there, his otherwise strenuous and ponderous symphonic scores. It is when we get to Bruckner and Mahler that cracks begin to show all over the façade of the monumental symphony; without the fatal example of Beethoven's Ninth they could not have existed in their present form. During the most garrulous stretches of Bruckner and Mahler, the contrast between scale and content can become almost ludicrous: two Austrian vagabonds, charming and hopeless, seem to have stumbled upon a fine old deserted mansion, and decided to spend the rest of their lives there.

But experience makes us wary of all attempts to polish off Bruckner and Mahler in double harness: they have something in common, but Elgar and Vaughan Williams are not more unlike in temperament. Mahler's genius was indeed tinged with megalomania, as we can see in his famous remark to Sibelius: "The Symphony should be like the world—it must embrace everything." But Bruckner was humble and modest. "In the Middle Ages," says Mr. Capell in a most persuasive defence, "he would have been an artist-craftsman, anonymous and contented." Then how is it that his symphonies last for 70 minutes?

Partly because they are outpourings of gratitude to the beloved Creator (to Whom one of them is actually dedicated): in religious ceremonies, expansiveness has generally been thought more appropriate than concision. But Mr. Capell throws out another idea, which is new to me. Bruckner, he has been saying, despite his affinity with the Middle Ages, was also a man of his time, a man of the great romantic century; and he goes on to speak of "the particular delight of the Schubert-Wagner age in beautiful sound for its own sake . . . that delight which slowed down the whole motion of music," and thus encouraged "the romantic grandeur and mystery."

The one qualification that need be attached to this penetrating remark is that it applies only in an instrumental context. Interest in "beautiful sound for its own sake" was never more marked than in the world of *opera seria*; but it was almost entirely concentrated on the solo voice. The sacrifice of vocal refinement in favour of vigour and volume, begun perhaps by Rossini, had gone far by the time of Wagner and Verdi. Meanwhile, the voluptuous delight of the ear became the business of the orchestra, which grew much bigger and very much more efficient as the century advanced; the bigger orchestra produced longer works (conversely, Wagnerian dimensions would be unthinkable with a Mozartian orchestra). Perhaps the limits of magnitude in both directions, vertical and horizontal, are reached in late Mahler (Eighth Symphony) and early Schönberg (*Gurrelieder*). Since about 1910 there has been a retreat, not purely economic in origin, from these vast orchestral forces; on the other hand, the structural complexity and emotional intensity of the symphony have tended to increase still further. If a composer in our time wishes to write an orchestral work comparable in scale to a Haydn symphony, he feels obliged to call it a Sinfonietta; perhaps even a Serenade or Divertimento.

There is a danger inherent in this over-reverent attitude to the symphony: a danger similar to that involved in thinking of the organ as The King of Instruments. It is a conception which has to be lived up to; it produces the too familiar spectacle of the frog determined to prove himself an ox. The effect can be exhausting, not only for the listener, but for the composer too. Nothing shows more clearly the distance travelled since Haydn than the case of the Walton Symphony. The composer found such difficulty in devising a proper conclusion to the furious tension of his earlier movements that he actually allowed his work to be performed at first without any finale at all. When in due course the finale appeared, some people found it inferior. Personally, I don't agree; it is the slow movement which, for all its beauty, suggests to my mind something which has lain too long on the desk. At any rate, the Symphony, a fascinating work, has had no successor in fifteen years: that sort of tension cannot be sustained. It is important to encourage a simpler and healthier attitude of mind towards the symphony, whereby the young composer need not feel compelled to bend the bow of Ulysses at his first attempt.

Of recent English symphonies the most promising is Michael Tippett's (which is to be performed on the Third Programme this Saturday, and at an extremely attractive Morley College concert on Feb. 1st). In itself it is not only promising, but an achievement: a rich and satisfying piece of musical design, orchestrated with brilliant clarity, though not (I must confess) easily grasped at a first hearing. I venture to call it promising because, though "important," it speaks a language which is cool and contained, without theatrical violence or exaggerated extremes of tension, and with no more rhetoric than arises naturally from the design. The all-embracing, revolutionary or apocalyptic symphony is for the time being exhausted; it is by a more modest and more purely musical approach (as Stravinsky and Rubbra and Lennox Berkeley seem also to have felt) that progress can best be resumed.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

A PERPETUAL COLLECTOR

THE present exhibition at the Leicester Galleries composed mainly of contemporary paintings and drawings, has been selected from the collection of Mr. Howard Bliss. In his Foreword to the catalogue Mr. Bliss tells us that he began to make this collection seven years ago, and he gives his reasons for inviting its dispersal at the present show. Chief of these was a lack of space: his pictures had "become" his wall-paper, and, later, his door-panelling as well. Since "I would rather be a collector than the owner of a collection, this last phrase suggesting a static condition . . ." Mr. Bliss courageously decided to expose his pictures, even his favourites, to the acquisitiveness of others. This had its recompenses: for instance, until it appeared on the walls of the gallery Mr. Bliss himself had been denied a general view of the collection as a whole: also (and this must have been the main motive with so unpossessive and right-minded a collector) his present course will enable him to go on collecting. Perhaps if he had not made all this clear at the outset Mr. Bliss's action might have appeared in an unwelcome light to one particular section of gallery-goers—the artists of whose works he is now unburdening himself! As it is, they have everything to be thankful for. Mr. Bliss, as patron, will have a new lease of life: and their pictures are meanwhile seen to the best advantage.

I use this last phrase because the effect of hanging a selection of the best of a painter's canvases in the company of the best by others is much happier than anything that occurs at either a one-man or a general mixed exhibition. Some of the best still lifes Mr. William Scott ever painted (here to be seen) would be lost among the second best at an exhibition that was devoted to William Scott exclusively: and, at a large mixed show, mediocrity permeates everything, only the most forceful being recognised for what they are. I remember my dismay at seeing a large and beautiful Bonnard, lent by Mr. Edward le Bas to the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition some years ago, completely drowned in that environment. But here one artist reinforces the next.

"From Gainsborough to Hitchens" was a pleasant title to bestow; but it is hardly accurate as an indication of the contents of this exhibition. Apart from the 22 Gainsboroughs—nearly all landscape drawings in black and white chalk on toned paper—there is practically nothing that is not contemporary; and Hitchens (represented by 17 paintings) is far from being the youngest painter present, and therefore the one most remote from Gainsborough in time. But Mr. Bliss believes there is a "lyrical affinity between them which enables me to look from Gainsborough to Hitchens" without change of mood: and there is something in this. Hitchens is, as a true contemporary, very much more conscious of abstract values than Gainsborough was: but both love the English landscape—which means *trees*: indeed, Hitchens's uniqueness lies in his combining a very highly developed sense of abstract design with a purely traditional passion for the pastoral scene. The poetry of willows over water; of bracken slopes; of glades and thickets; each is rendered by Hitchens in terms of an abstract formal calligraphy that is in itself a thing of sensuous delight. And this corresponds with the Gainsborough of the tree drawings in more than mood: Gainsborough's rapid, airy, rhythmically looping scribble had just the same degree of plastic power—neither more nor less solid in its evocation of the air-filled volumes of a tree's foliage.

If we are seeking a more purely plastic quality we should, it is true, go elsewhere—to Matthew Smith perhaps: but Mr. Bliss is not primarily moved by the quality of plastic strength; nor is it the architectural aspect of painting that particularly excites him (and by architectural I mean the elements of structural or compositional complexity). Mr. Bliss prizes above all others the quality of resonance—but a light and gay rather than a deep and sombre resonance. What is this quality (which incidentally he himself denotes simply by that word—*quality*)? It is the result of several things. The artist Mr. Bliss admires most must display a supreme economy of means: his touch must be light, sensitive, immediate in its effect, suffering little or no corrections or afterthoughts: and immediateness of impression is as important as a light and elegant directness in the handling. Thus the Matthew Smith most at home in the collection is the remarkably clean and brilliant *Roses and Pears*: 1929, number 136 (*brilliant*, literally: metaphorically, too, of course). Thus, too, the works of Louis le Brocquy, Kenneth Wood and William Scott show to the greatest advantage and, at the same time, give the best indication of the flavour of this most distinguished and enjoyable exhibition. Other things, unusually pleasing for one reason or another, are Cecil Collins's *Dancers and the Rising Sun*, number 78; Oskar Dalvit's Klee-like *Easter Night*, 80; John Piper's *Portland Bill*, 105; Tunnard's *Sea Flower*, 54; Vaughan's *Figure with objects on a Table*, 53; G. Mayer-Marton's *The Railway Line*, 35; Edgar Hubert's *Composition*, 133; Adler's *Composition*, 130; and *Boy on a Blue Chair*—the finest achievement of John Craxton so far.

PATRICK HERON

RADIO NOTES

WHAT do I mean by good conversation? Something—candour obliges me to confess it—in which *I* take part. Unacceptably dressed and profoundly ill-informed, constitutionally incapable of framing a coherent sentence save in the solitude of my garret, I yet linger, without ever quite losing hope, in the brilliant gatherings to which compassion sometimes bids me. Perhaps the talk will take a turn in which my uncle Hamish's adventure with the crocodile will have relevance; or I may have a chance of capping a quotation, recalling another man's *mot*, eliciting by some deft word a further coruscation of epigram from one or another of the god-like beings around me. If such an occasion ever comes, then—for me—good conversation will have happened. But until that day—no! I shall merely have been present while discouragingly clever and insufferably conceited people talk.

Believing myself not altogether singular in this, I suspect that nobody has yet surprised the secret of good conversation on the air, or sufficiently reflected that the creating of a double illusion is involved. We must be made to feel that this is conversation, generating itself spontaneously out of social intercourse. And we must be ravished by the sweet deception that we are ourselves inside the charmed circle. At times the Brains Trust has almost brought it off, but in virtue more of the exceptional abilities sometimes engaged there than of any happiness in a framework which is, after all, quite violently unnatural. Only persons expressly hired for the purpose would ever address themselves to that brisk

dealing with whole congeries of unrelated topics. Moreover the technique of employing *our* questions merely has the effect of locating us very definitely below the platform. When in *We Beg to Differ* the disputants occasionally treat the problems fed to them with an abundantly deserved disrespect, I find that I am a little hurt in my mind. It is always with *A.B.* of Hull or *C.D.* of Huddersfield, that is to say, that I identify myself; and the charmed circle remains closed against me. But this, incidentally, is a promising programme, and if it shuts down more definitely on the tiresome duel of sex it may (as headmasters like to say) go far. When in a recent session a question of gravity and poignancy oddly cropped up amid the fun, I was impressed by the instant tact with which the team downed tools as personifications of light-heartedness and became, instead, concerned, helpful and forthright human beings.

It certainly seems less difficult to achieve spontaneity upon the common affairs of life than upon the arts. *The Critics* command my complete respect. They are serious, truthful and resolute against talking for effect. Whence, then, the disconcerting unreality I feel in their programme? The trouble is surely in its obstinate evocation of a spurious social occasion; if I am not received into this circle either, it is for the very good reason that there is no real circle there. For the moment, then, I conclude that the illusion of intimacy can be given only by a good talker—as recently by Compton Mackenzie on *Royal Encounters*, which seemed to bring the ex-Kaiser bodily into the room, or by Alistair Cooke, whose last *Letter from America* deliciously summarised the course of the radio battle lately fought out in Grand Central Station, New York.

Among numerous adapters lately active Davenant and Dryden must be censured for their silly and salacious tinkerings with *The Tempest*, barely redeemed by Purcell's music; Lindsay Galloway congratulated on an entirely happy transportation of *An Enemy of the People* to the Clyde—with David Mowat the best of a good cast; and Douglas Cleverdon accorded the homage due to one who courageously tackles the funniest thing in the language and gets away with it. *Hilary Maltby and Stephen Braxton* was beyond praise. So, by the way, was *Focus on Psychoanalysis*.

MICHAEL INNES

THE MOVIES

"The Blue Lamp," at the Odeon
"Thieves' Highway," general release
"Woman in Hiding" and "Scrapbook for 1933," at the Marble Arch Odeon

Readers of *Sequence*, and of Mr. Gavin Lambert in this column during the Whitebait off-season, will hardly need to be reminded of the virtues aimed at by this youngest school of critics. Cool fanatics, they would introduce a new precision into film-reviewing. So many faculties go to the making of every film, good or bad, that the lone critic, on a single showing, cannot possibly take into account everything—production, script, direction, photography, acting, sets, sound-track, music, and cutting. Who has initiated more? Whence that style that so catches eye and ear? With most films, of course, it doesn't at all matter; and there is always the director, and behind him the vaguely powerful producer, to whom may be attributed merits or shortcomings.

But here the *Sequence* school steps in, usually in threes. To meet a multiple art comes the multiple critic. "Are *Sequence* here?" sometimes I would ask myself at a press-view, where we were all enjoying, say, the adventures of some cultured recluse who shoots at his guest with bow and arrow after dinner. Probably they were, with the prescience that the photography would be quick. It was even rumoured at one time that a *Sequence* triad always distributed its attentions, one member of it looking to the photography, another to the script, and so on. Who, I wonder, went to enjoy? The rumour was strongly denied, but at least it had this much truth in it: that for general impressions Messrs. Lambert, Anderson and Ericsson, and their colleagues, tried to substitute particular impressions and very often, without priggishness, succeeded.

The movement, I am glad to say, has spread itself further, into the once respectable and unreadable pages of the British Film Institute's journal *Sight and Sound*, now edited by Mr. Gavin Lambert. It has a new look, a dancing cover, admirably chosen illustrations, and a variety of intelligently expert criticism. Its aims, to judge from this first number, will be more academic and less initiatory than those of *Sequence;* and the multiplicity of attention is marked here in articles by Philip Hope-Wallace on film acting and Antony Hopkins on film music. These two critics will write regularly on their subjects; both begin well. Especially worth considering is Mr. Hope-Wallace's point that there are two kinds of acting on the films, which should not be confused, one active, and the other passive (or induced by direction and photography). One critic of *Bicycle Thieves*, I remember, beautifully confused them by saying that the eight-year-old child's performance "held out against" the cynical tendenciousness of the director! Some kid! The re-animated *Sight and Sound*, which has contributions from John Betjeman, Peter Ustinov, Richard Winnington, and others, appears monthly, costs half a crown and is worth it.

Thrillers crowd the programme. *The Blue Lamp* (script by T. E. B. Clarke, direction by Basil Dearden) is in the tradition of good clean Ealing fun; its London background attracts, it bounces and jollies along, it has a well-contrived plot, offers a neat insight into Yard methods and a more sentimental one into the Paddington Green police station, and is generally enjoyable while always coming out on the brisk fictional level. Jack Warner is his usual self as a copper who cultivates geraniums and makes up verses on the beat, and Dirk Bogarde and Patric Doonan as hold-up youngsters touch at times the nerve of reality.

Thieves' Highway, directed by Jules Dassin: first-rate local colour in the way of fruit markets and truck drivers, spoilt by an exaggerated tough romanticism: one shot, of boxes littered about a hill-side and apples bounding down a slope after a crashed truck remains for me the single eventful moment of the week. *Woman in Hiding*: tedious chase by a wife-murderer after Miss Ida Lupino, lightened at its close by unintentionally funny acrobatics. In the same programme Pathé's *Scrapbook for 1933* gathers its fascinating memories, big and small, of a troublesome year, with clouds gathering over the mayfly dance, but lacks unfortunately the energy and the style to impress them.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Watercolour Drawings, at Agnew's

After the disinterested pleasures of looking at Mr. Gilbert Davis's rare collection at the Arts Council, amateurs of English watercolour will relapse into a more calculating mood at Agnew's 77th Annual Exhibition. Has Lear gone up? Are Varleys steady? Is Copley Fielding holding his own? Who are the promising outsiders? Here, among the 171 drawings, there are many of those discrepancies in price which, however explicable in terms of supply and demand, are often so puzzling to the spectator. Three Turners hang above three very fine Alexander Cozens of comparable size: the Turners cost four or five times as much. English watercolours have appreciated steadily in the last twenty years; and the temptation at a show like this is to view a drawing in the light of its soundness as an investment. On this basis, the spectator-buyer would do well to look at the landscapes by T. Sunderland, W. Payne, White Abbott and P. S. Munn—twenty guineas and under—at the one drawing, a figure study, by Andrew Geddes, at the David Roberts of Petra. Then having decided, if only in his mind, what to put his money on, he can proceed more peacefully to contemplate some very fine drawings by Bonington, Turner, Girtin and Blake, whose price puts them beyond the reach of any but the wealthiest connoisseur.

Holborn Artists, at the Holborn Town Hall

Perhaps the most important function of a local art exhibition is simply to give local artists a chance to be seen; and in this light the organisers of this show have done very well by Holborn's artists, allowing 116 painters the chance to exhibit 209 oils, watercolours and drawings. Few principles of selection are apparent—the exhibition ranges from the painterly oils of George Hann to the amateur holiday sketch—and there are no well-known names. But Holborn citizens who fancy a nice watercolour of Lincoln's Inn or a Bloomsbury square will find plenty to choose from; the prices are, on the whole, modest; and here and there, in Hugh Ryder's *Foils* (25), R. V. Wingate's *Harlequin and Cat* (158) and drawings by A. W. Bullock and G. E. R. Salter, a genuine talent shines out from the close-packed walls.

"The Heiress," at the Haymarket

Mr. Godfrey Tearle and Miss Wendy Hiller take over the main parts from Sir Ralph Richardson and Miss Peggy Ashcroft. A change of stars in a star vehicle is usually a last gasp. But those who have postponed seeing *The Heiress*, need not fear that they will miss anything important by this change. Many might even find that Godfrey Tearle, with his solidity, his warmth, his sincerity, adds something to what was there before. This performance is less obviously a *tour de force* and tips the emphasis slightly towards a deeper humanity. Miss Wendy Hiller has the advantage of having played the part before in America and she does not therefore have to bother with either imitating or differentiating herself from her predecessor. In the earlier scenes, she is perhaps more touching: in the later, she perhaps falls a little short of implacability. But these are matters of shades and nuances and the balance remains perfectly steady. One could wish the minor parts were more finished and the details of the production as brilliant as the outline. But the play stands up well to a second seeing; it is strongly and firmly constructed—the best melodrama London has seen for some years.

"Party Manners," at the Embassy

It is perhaps lucky for Mr. Val Gielgud that Comrade Fadayev does not review Theatre in these columns; for, if *Party Manners* were paid the doubtful compliment of being taken too seriously, the author would surely qualify for entry into the hyaena ranks. Consider: three months as Chairman of the Atomic Energy Control Board are enough to convince Mr. Christopher Williams, Old Etonian ex-Minister of Education in the Labour Government, that party patriotism is not enough; he suppresses an atomic discovery out of which the Government would have made election-winning capital, because its disclosure—invaluable for world industrial development—would mean Britain's forfeiting the monopoly of a nice, neat, new bomb. Are we meant to applaud his conversion to the principles of M.I.5? The question may be irrelevant: the real stuff of Mr. Gielgud's *jeu d'esprit* is not its crypto-reptilian politics but its setting—much more congenial to the comic spirit. Behold Eltham Hall, Atomic headquarters, whose ex-proprietor, the convivial and impoverished earl, aided by comely daughter, acts as cook-butler to Mr. Williams, his ex-fag. All ends tidily: boy (sent down for crowning the pinnacles of Trinity with Red chamber-pots during the visit of a U.S. Senatorial Mission) duly marries girl; Atomic Chairman's wife, played with accomplished grace by Jill Esmond, decides, in her turn, that manners and a ménage are more important than Labour politics and public life; and "Floreat Etona!"—surely, in the context, this is borrowing Wykehamist plumes—brings down the curtain. Clive Morton as Christopher Williams is smoothly "to the life," and Raymond Lovell as the butler-earl, who doubts whether "Fair Shares" can make any decanter "go round the world," is a delight. As they draw on a fabulous cellar, whose contents the Office of Works has overlooked, in order to ascertain empirically the meaning of a "two-bottle man," it is as though a slightly muted Mr. Dalton were taking wine with the late, and lamented, Lord Castlerosse. Not Wycherley or Wilde, but very passable good fun.

Correspondence

THE VARGA THEORY

SIR,—On the subject of Varga's *volte-face*, P. S. agrees with me that "no new facts emerged" between 1946-49 such as to justify it. He then goes on to interpret the recent history of Western Socialism in terms of "the element of realism" concealed in Varga's recantation. He shows how, with "the bourgeoisie again in full control," various European experiments in nationalisation have come to possess little or no Socialist content. And, drawing attention to current British problems, e.g., those of nationalised transport, he points to similar possibilities of Socialist frustration in our "mixed" full-employment economy.

The lesson which P. S. teaches is one which, with certain qualifications, I too consider useful. But the qualifications are such that I do not believe that the lesson can be most effectively taught or learnt in Marxist terms.

First, Varga has consistently underestimated (and P. S. fails to mention) the role of the U.S.A. and the "progressiveness" of its policies. The close relationships of the Atlantic Community make study of the American attitude imperative. There will be many on the Left who cannot accept the stock Marxist view of U.S. policy—just as some will disagree with Mr. Crossman's view (Fabian Society Autumn Lecture, November, 1949) that "America has advanced further towards a planned economy and the Welfare State than Canada and any part of Western Europe except Scandinavia." But it is true that we owe a great debt to the American Labour movement for its part in putting over the Marshall Plan. For this debt, and for future "progressive" possibilities, neither Varga nor any other "class-struggle" economist finds place in his analysis.

Secondly, before we extrapolate our future, we should bear in mind the differences between the social structure and composition of Great Britain and that of the European countries where, as P. S. says, "the bourgeoisie are again in full control." As the article "Western Socialism's Future" in your issue of December 31st puts it, the large petty-bourgeoisie and its ramifications in those countries work to prevent the working class from rallying itself "as in the Welfare States . . . to a political party which regards representative government as a sufficient engine for the accomplishment of social change." Still less do the working classes there enjoy "a sense of belonging to the State as it is." We should not exaggerate these differences, but the "general" flavour of Marxist analysis often renders attention to them impossible.

Thirdly, with regard to British nationalised industry P. S. refers to the shift of difficulties by the private sector on to the national transport system. It is true that, e.g., at the current hearings of the Transport Tribunal, private consumer interests are being heard and being felt. But the important phenomenon, which the hearings of the Transport Commission serve to highlight, is the conflict of interest between State Transport on the one hand, and State Gas, Coal and Electricity on the other. Here are urgent problems of economic and political administration. In facing them we will derive little benefit either from reflecting on the terms of compensation to the former owners or from devoutly "applying the Marxist dogmas to which Varga has, not through any love for democratic Socialism, now returned."

All is not lovely in the nationalised sector; but in solving problems so novel and urgent, political masochism, under Marxist auspices, is no substitute for clear thought and careful research.

University College, JULIUS GOULD
Singleton Park, Swansea.

"AS READING GOES"

SIR,—Mervyn Jones appears to have omitted two very important factors in his otherwise full summing-up of the Election prospects in our borough.

(1) He omits all reference to the vital and considerable Radical vote. Our present member was elected on a minority poll in 1945, the Liberal candidate obtaining over 7,000 votes, considerably more than in most Eastern England Borough Constituencies. Consequently the fate of the borough may well be decided by the quality and appeal of the Liberal candidates.

(2) Members of all parties in Reading would agree that the present Member has been far more vigorous, both in, and out, of Parliament than his predecessor, and the fact that he has achieved a national reputation may sway a certain number of voters in the South Constituency. BASIL W. SMITH

30 Northcourt Avenue, Reading.

MAKRONESSOS

SIR,—Sometime ago you were kind enough to publish my letter referring to the case of my sister, Mrs. Helen Zaglanaki, a dual national (British by birth and Greek by marriage) who was exiled in April, 1948, "for one year" by the Greek authorities. Though there is no charge against her and despite the fact that she is a cripple and sick, she was not released when that year expired.

My sister had a fine record during the occupation and has a testimonial from the U.N. Enquiry Commission which she served as interpreter in 1947. She has never been accused of any participation in the recent civil war, but she is one of the thousands of democrats who are being kept indefinitely in detention camps by the Athens Government, as mentioned in Mr. Davidson's article.

Not only does my sister now find herself in indefinite detention, but the conditions in the exile camps are systematically deteriorating. She was first in Chios, together with more than a thousand other women. There, at least, they were in a building, though overcrowded. Then they were transferred to Trikkeri, where they were in tents. The worst comes now, when they have been sent to Makronessos to be turned over to the monarchist army for "reformation."

These deportations of unconvicted women and their indefinite incarceration in concentration camps are a disgrace to the Athens regime. But surely this country, whose Police Mission is reported by *The Times* to be "sorting out" the prisoners on Makronessos, is not unaffected? Nor can I understand the attitude of the Foreign Office, which still refuses to give protection to my sister on legalistic grounds. As a trade unionist, I cannot help wondering whether Mr. Bevin knows what is being done in his name. P. P. PANTELURIS

246 Randolph Avenue, W9.

SIR,—Those who know the integrity of Mr. Basil Davidson as an investigator and writer will not be misled by the suave suggestions of the director of the Greek Information Department that in some obscure way he tricked the Greek Government into granting him a visa. Mr. Pallis adds that the visa was granted with full knowledge that Mr. Davidson would be highly critical, so that at least nobody seems to have been deceived.

Many of us think that Mr. Davidson was characteristically careful not to comment on anything that he was not allowed to see. Other British and American correspondents have also had their movements on Makronessos circumscribed. Perhaps Mr. Pallis will cite the opinion of an Englishman who has had the liberty to go where he liked on the concentration camp island and who in consequence formed the view that the known and suspected horrors committed there fall within those appropriate to a Christian democracy exercising "the right to take measures to defend itself."

15 New Street, E. H. ATHANASSOGLOU
Bishopsgate.

THE WAGE FREEZE

SIR,—There seems to have been a certain amount of confusion in recent discussions on the wage freeze. Some Trade Union leaders have been talking as if an increase in wages will of itself lead directly to unemployment. This is of course not so, for wage increases maintain a high level of demand and so make unemployment less likely. It is only through their effect on the balance of payments that wage increases can lead to unemployment.

NEW STATESMAN PAMPHLET

Keeping Left

BY A GROUP OF LABOUR M.P.s*

48pp. Sixpence

Within a few days of publication KEEPING LEFT has become the most discussed pamphlet of the Election.

The papers, up and down the country, are praising, arguing about or condemming it!

Everybody, of any or no political complexion, should read it.

KEEPING LEFT gives a reasoned and readable account of the great advances made during Labour's first term and discusses fully the policy for the second.

KEEPING LEFT is full of facts, figures and arguments and provides clear answers to many questions. It will be of immense value to Labour's speakers and active supporters in the coming Election.

*THE GROUP CONSISTS OF: Sir Richard Acland; Donald Bruce; Barbara Castle, Richard Crossman; Harold Davies, Leslie Hale; Tom Horabin; Marcus Lipton; Ian Mikardo; Stephen Swingler; George Wigg and Tom Williams.

Make

KEEPING LEFT

your Election Handbook

FIRST LARGE EDITION SOLD BEFORE PUBLICATION—JAN. 12. SECOND EDITION NOW READY

6d.

On Sale at all Bookstalls, Bookshops and Newsagents

If you find difficulty in obtaining your supplies, please write or 'phone Publishers

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1
HOLborn 8471

Mr. Brotherton is quite right in his claim that the extra £1 a week for engineering and shipbuilding workers could be met out of the profits made by the industries concerned. But what he fails to state is that a transfer from reserves to wages would intensify the inflationary situation: for it would mean an increase in demand without an equivalent increase in supply. This, by raising the price level, would encourage imports and discourage exports, and so make our chances of paying our way in the dollar area even more remote than they are at present.

This, of course, raises quite another question. Are we ever likely to achieve a balance with the dollar area? Will not a slump in the United States make our attempt to achieve such a balance disastrous? As long as it is decided to continue the dollar drive, with its exceedingly slender chances of success, the wage freeze policy is inevitable. But if the dollar drive is abandoned in favour of a series of bilateral trade agreements, mainly with the Soviet Union, Eastern Europe and the New China, then there is no reason why considerable wage increases should not take place at the expense of profits.

DARRELL SPURGEON

Corpus Christi, Cambridge.

THE SNATCH-BACK

SIR,—I am sorry to extend what I had hoped would not have been an argument, but Dr. Jeger's letter contains a doubtful statement of fact which should not go without comment.

He says "no mother can accomplish 'the snatch-back' without Court consent." This is now true as a result of an eleventh-hour amendment to the recent Act, for which I am proud to claim some responsibility. But when Dr. Jeger goes on to assume that the Court is bound to decide the matter with prime regard to the child's welfare, he is on less sure ground. Lord Simon shocked many people, including, I think, Lord Maugham, by appearing to assume the contrary. Everything depends on whether or not the judge interprets Clause 3, Sub-Section C of the Act to mean that he is entitled to rule that the mother's consent is "unreasonably withheld" if the snatch-back operates against the interests of the child. If he interprets "unreasonable" in this sense, as Dr. Jeger (and I also) would wish, then Dr. Jeger is right. But the precedents are not encouraging.

Dr. Jeger's other proposition that "both parties should be equally at liberty to change their minds" is an equation more formal than real. For every one case where adopters change their mind (apart from those in which the adopted child turns out to be defective) there are probably a hundred where the natural mother decides or is induced to change hers. Nor in the former case need there be any hardship for the natural mother. She need not be saddled with an unwanted child, for there are about twelve willing adopters waiting for every available adoptee.

House of Commons. BENN W. LEVY

WHAT A YOUNG MAN SHOULD KNOW

SIR,—As one of Dr. Joad's hypothetical young men, I was anxious to learn "how far the Christian world picture of 1850 has been modified by the developments of the last hundred years." I need not have worried. In 1800 words the whole range of human knowledge passed in review. Freudian psychology showed only that the operations of conscience were inescapable, and "this is precisely what the Christian religion has always maintained." Evolution was a witness for the faith—God works in His mysterious way through Mendelian mutations. One doubt only remained—the problem of waste and evil—and here Dr. Joad recommended to us *The Problem of Pain*.

Most readers will agree that it is a brilliant book, but it hardly helps. Mr. Lewis accounts for pain by postulating a fall. He then finds that suffering among animals requires a fall for brute creation. Pain is turned to good by preparing us for our future reward; hell reappears, since the less good can hardly be allowed to share our bliss; and equally inevitably, for those who never had a chance, a purgatory of sorts is required. The whole logical construction is magnificent. The only flaw is that it cannot be maintained by empirical proof.

The pre-condition of science is that we form a world-picture by a study of the empirical evidence, not by a long chain of deduction from general principles, but Mr. Lewis' refurbishment of the Garden of Eden is, to put it mildly, independent of evidence. Dr. Joad accepts the validity of science (or no map of the modern world would be required); he appears also to accept Mr. Lewis. Was he in earnest? Or was his article intended for the very young?

P. HUTBER

New College, Oxford.

POETRY (LONDON)

SIR,—A recent article by T. C. Worsley pays just tribute to the literary achievement of *Horizon*. Another literary magazine whose first number appeared in the same year as *Horizon*, has not, in fact, ceased publication, but a change no less drastic has taken place in its character with the return of Tambimuttu, the founder and editor of *Poetry (London)*, to Ceylon. This change is not generally known as, curiously enough, there has been no reference to the departure of Tambimuttu or tribute to his work in *Poetry (London)* itself.

Tambimuttu, who was, I am told, as wildly picturesque a figure in his native country, Ceylon, as he was in our drabber London, came to England in 1939 with the flamboyant ambition "to build a skyscraper of Poetry in London." After a short time this ambition became more specific, "to sweep away the restricting influence of Geoffrey Grigson"—whose magazine *New Verse* was the leading poetry review of the pre-war years. (Without contraries there is no progression.) Tambimuttu was a dionysiac figure, and at his Comus-like touch restrictions certainly went to the winds. Many frightened young poets were grateful for Tambi's generous enthusiasm after the policy of stern editorial discouragement of the *Criterion* and the strictness of *New Verse*.

The first number of *Poetry (London)* was produced on an initial capital of £5, in collaboration with Anthony Dickins. About four thousand copies of the first number were sold by the editors, in person, to bookstalls and bookshops all over England, in New York and Paris, in the pubs of Soho, and, in general, wherever poetry could be sold. George Barker, Herbert Read, Louis MacNeice, Dylan Thomas, Walter de la Mare, Stephen Spender, Lawrence Durrell and a dozen other scarcely less well-known names appear on the cover of the first number. Tambi had an infallible instinct for promising poets, and many are the names, now familiar, that first appeared in early numbers of P.L. The early numbers of P.L. with the lyre-bird covers by Moore, Sutherland and Wilde, certainly have their place in literary history.

KATHLEEN RAINE

9 Paulton's Square, S.W.3.

THE VILLAGE

SIR,—Mr. Gooch unfortunately misinterprets my remarks on the status of the farm-labourer, which were meant to be economic and factual, not social and disparaging.

Thus the phrase "the labourer is still a labourer" was intended to summarise the following historical analysis: *first*, in open field times, the land was tilled by land-occupying peasants; *secondly*, the enclosures converted these land-occupying peasants to landless labourers; *thirdly*, the last half-century, as Mr. Gooch rightly emphasises, has seen a great and welcome improvement in the farm labourer's physical conditions, in pay, social security, education, etc. But it has not seen any general revival of the old "agricultural ladder," whose rungs were the grazing rights on the open fields, by which any villager might rise to the position of an occupier of land.

NIGEL HARVEY

GUILD SOCIALISM

SIR,—In Mr. Kingsley Martin's interesting review of Mrs. Cole's autobiography he says:—

> Quondam Guild Socialists recall that they always demanded decentralisation and workers' control as the necessary safeguards against too much bureaucracy.

Considering that most of these quondam Guild Socialists are now (somewhat ironically) Fabians and have exercised for two decades an enormous influence over official Labour policy, it seems a little late in the day for them to "recall" these things. Could they not have remembered them at a somewhat earlier stage, when nationalisation schemes were being framed? May we hope that if Labour is victorious on February 23rd, they will "recall" them in time to influence future Bills?

MAURICE B. RECKITT

United University Club,
1 Suffolk Street, S.W.1.

ARCHITECT, CRITIC AND PUBLIC

SIR,—It is very doubtful whether the eighteenth-century gentleman had this working knowledge of building materials to which Mr. Richards refers in his article. It is true that ". . . to know something about the art (architecture) was part of every gentleman's stock in trade." But this knowledge consisted solely of an understanding of the classical Five Orders, probably gained from a perusal of Palladio's book.

An interesting light on the attitude of the eighteenth-century gentleman towards a detailed knowledge of building materials is shown in the following extract from a letter from Lord Chesterfield to his son in 1749:

> "You may soon be acquainted with the considerable parts of Civil Architecture; and for the minute and mechanical parts of it, leave them to masons, bricklayers and Lord Burlington; who has, to a certain degree, lessened himself by knowing them too well."

It is possible that the ordinary man in the street knew from familiarity (though not "instinctively") the properties of wood and stone; it would seem unlikely that this knowledge was part of the stock in trade of the gentleman.

BARRINGTON KAYE

Carrick House, 142 Shooters Hill Road,
Blackheath, S.E.3.

LASCAUX CAVE PAINTINGS

SIR,—In his review of Fernand Windels' book on the caves at Lascaux, which I visited about two months ago, Mr. Read omits certain facts which I think should be taken into account in any attempt to discover their meaning and why they were painted.

(1) The only figure drawn, as a child would draw it, is, as Mr. Read says, that of a man. (It is not, by the way, yet on view to the general public.) This man is the only human figure in the caves. He wears a bird mask and immediately below his right hand is a pole on the summit of which is a bird.

(2) The other figures, which are of animals, show, considering the natural difficulties of surface and lighting with which the artists had to contend, an amazing technical control—contrast, for instance, the hairy neck of the bison with its smooth wet muzzle—and exhibit what for want of a better word can only be called an adult quality. There is nothing child-like about them. It is perhaps only fair to say that no photograph appears to me to convey the impression made by the paintings when seen on the spot.

(3) A large number of the animals are pregnant.

(4) No signs of habitation have been found in the cave, only a number of lamps. The actual entrance of the Lascaux cave has not yet been discovered; but if it follows the usual form of the others in the neighbourhood, it will be found several hundred yards away at the end of a long and narrow winding passage which will not be decorated. At the entrance to this cave, as in those at Combarelles and at Altamira, there may be found evidence of domestic occupation.

(5) The paintings were certainly executed at different periods and by different masters.

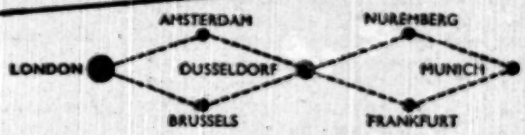
(6) It may be fanciful and beside the point, but on me and on those with me the effect of these paintings was awe-inspiring, terrifying almost to a degree that I find hard to exaggerate. I do not know whether this feeling should be called by the term religious or by the slightly patronising word "magic." It was certainly there.

HILARY ST. GEORGE SAUNDERS

Villa Txindoki,
Avenue Marie Duhart
St.-Jean-de-Luz (B-P).

Now...

TWO AIR ROUTES TO GERMANY



Fares:
London—Dusseldorf
£10 single, £18 return.
Frankfurt
£12.18 single, £23.4 return.
Munich
£18.17 single, £33.19 return.
Nuremburg
£16.3 single, £29.11 return.

Two great air-lines — K.L.M. and SABENA — co-operate to offer you the quickest, most convenient way to Germany by air. Fast, frequent services operate from the United Kingdom on two alternate routes — Via Amsterdam or Brussels — serving Dusseldorf . . . Frankfurt . . . Nuremberg . . . Munich.

KLM-SABENA

Reservations from all Air Travel Agents or any K.L.M. or SABENA office.

Outstanding records of 1949

Divertimento No. 2 in D (K.131)—*Mozart*
Royal Philharmonic Orchestra
Conductor: Sir Thomas Beecham - DB 6649-51

Violin Concerto in E Major—*Bach*
Gioconda de Vito and the London Chamber Orch.
Conductor: Anthony Bernard - - DB 6894-6

Symphony No. 6 in E Minor—*Vaughan Williams.* The London Symphony Orchestra
Conductor: Sir Adrian Boult - - C 3873-6

Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor—*Bach*
Fernando Germani
(Organ) Recorded in Westminster Cathedral, London - - - - - - - C 3856-7

Variations on a Theme by Paganini—*Brahms*
Michelangeli - - - - - DB 6909-10

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

The Hallmark of Quality

THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED, HAYES, MIDDX.

WHOLESALE TEXTILE ASSOCIATION WTA

THIS . . . IS THE SIGN OF

A member of the Wholesale Textile Association

He stabilises production for manufacturers, and takes the risk of buying, storing, selling, delivering and financing their goods.

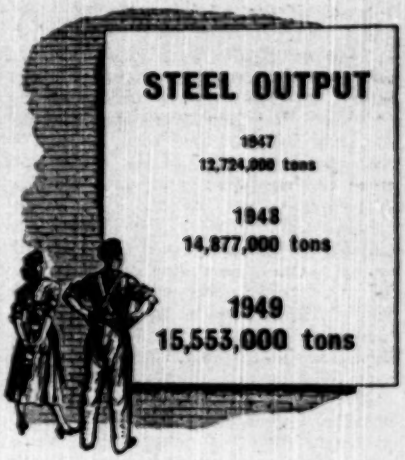
He cheapens the cost of distribution by lessening the number of transactions.

He saves the manufacturer having to interview thousands of retailers and send out thousands of small parcels.

He saves the retailer having to travel round innumerable factories.

He distributes the products of the factories through the retailer to the consumer with as little waste as possible.

THE WHOLESALE TEXTILE ASSOCIATION,
75 CANNON ST., LONDON, E.C.4



A record that makes you think

The proved policy of the steel industry has yet again given the nation a year of outstanding achievement. The output for 1949 was once more an all-time record — 15,553,000 tons.

Open competition has spurred on the industry. Co-operation in research and development is keeping British steel supreme in quality and low in price. Government supervision protects the public interest.

What better proof could there be that the present policy is the most practical way of putting all the resources of the steel industry at the service of the nation?

STEEL

is serving you well

BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

Books in General

THE ruined sites of history are crowded with broken idols, lost causes and gods abandoned. In some moods they seem to us grotesque evidence of the unteachable egotism of human beings; in others relics of human faith and generosity. It is immediately after their fall that these idols look their worst, for anger is still upon them. *The God that Failed** is a group of lively narratives, five of them by imaginative writers and one by a foreign correspondent, describing their conversion to Communism and the painful course of their apostasy. One of them, the Italian Silone, was the leader of the underground movement in Italy; Koestler was a secretly committed journalist with a party card; Richard Wright, the Negro writer and the most moving narrator in this book, was more humbly involved; Louis Fischer was, as a privileged correspondent, a powerful sympathiser; Gide and Spender underwent short but overwhelming conversions. They were moved not by the noble passion for justice alone; they were convinced that at last a scientific technique for establishing it had been put into operation in Soviet Russia; and they were willing, as Gide's classical statement showed, to make important allowances and sacrifices. In Europe they had lived in secret loneliness and despair, but now they saw themselves as those figures in the declassed bourgeoisie whose destiny was, as Marx had promised, to bring enlightenment to the masses and especially to Russia in exchange for the blessings of the Revolution. This, as Mr. Crossman points out with some irony in a just and searching introduction, was their undoing, for Western man is a criticising animal, whereas even Lenin himself, in Silone's recollection, was unable to tolerate criticism. Bemused by his theory of the character of classes, Marx had neglected the character of nations; nor had he, it seems, been disturbed by the homely tale of the slave turned master.

In some degree *The God that Failed* tells us what we have heard argued over and over again in the last twenty years, and recapitulates the revivals and rows of the Thirties. But the personal story inevitably crosses and re-crosses the frantic fever chart of politics. The graph begins in Koestler's picture of his family after the inflation in Central Europe which divided the impoverished middle classes impartially between Fascism and Communism—what, indeed, was the practical difference? The fierce line rises through unemployment, the stupid and fatal feud with social democracy (without which we might not have had the war) to the climax of the massacres, the purges and the trials, the gross alliances with Fascism and the transformation of a young revolutionary élite into an iron-fisted hierarchy and its terrible parasite, the Inquisition. By this time most of the writers in the book were aware of facts that mutilated their faith and made lies of their public statements. How did it come about that good and intelligent men, brought up in the traditions of independent inquiry, as these writers were, did not at once publicly recant? How is it that others shut their eyes to the persecution of, say, fellow scientists, though they did not cease to protest at the persecutions of Hitler? The answer lies partly in the insidious doctrine of the lesser evil; in the ebb and flow of hope: the horror of the purges was swallowed by the new hopes raised by the Spanish Civil War. Then, the ingenuities of Marxism are bemusing; if truth does not exist, why be concerned? Extreme idealism often becomes cynicism. But chiefly the answer is Koestler's: those who have experienced religious conversion have closed or double minds. They have "seen the light":

> There is now an answer to every question; doubts and conflicts are a matter of the tortured past—a past already remote. . . . Nothing can henceforth disturb the convert's inner peace and security except the occasional fear of losing faith again. . . .

And a total faith, whether political or religious, absolves that general and mysterious sense of guilt which agitates the lives of "free people" and gives them, in exchange for obedience, a clean or sleeping conscience.

The satirical anger of Koestler's narrative, with its brilliant and wounded mockery of the jargon of Communism ("Comrade, you don't understand") indicates the bitterness of the struggle of conscience. His damaging polemic is, however, too coarse and incisive to illuminate a deeply religious mind like Silone's or a simple one like Wright's. The narratives of these two are very different, and they are by far the best in the book. We feel that Koestler's restless, acquisitive and drama-seeking temperament lost little in his conversion; but Silone, like one who takes monastic vows, knowingly abandoned not only family and friends and a normal life, but also the Catholic faith. In a moving sentence he speaks of the exquisite private pain of losing the belief in immortality, and the pain was all the greater because he was working among people to whom one could not talk about it without incurring mockery.

One doubts if conversion is the right word to describe Silone's progress. Among the feudal miseries, the apathy and the cynicism of Southern Italy there were only two courses traditionally open to the indignant or visionary mind—the revolutionary and the Franciscan. He had, in the phrase of his country, "made" several revolutions in his boyhood, and much of his zeal must have sprung from the native bent for emotional violence and the anarchism of his province. A Catholic education, so cleverly contrived that its pupils were able to stand up to hostile anti-clerical examiners, had made him a brilliant dialectician. With curious puritanism, he says that the conflict of conscience has been the sole impulse of his writing, and so severe has the heart-searching been that literature has been a scourge rather than an æsthetic pleasure.

Silone's crisis came when in Moscow he was asked to judge Trotsky on a document he had not seen, which nobody had seen at the time—until Trotsky published it. He was asked to sacrifice order and truth in the interests of a political intrigue. No amount of the "suffer it to be so now," no appeals to "realism," could move him. It was the intellectual courage of this moment that was to save him later from the cynicism and sectarianism of those who have lost faith, and from the hysterical rush to a new totalitarianism which has so often made membership of the Communist and Fascist parties interchangeable. The apostate obtains freedom of mind but leaves half himself behind:

> The truth is this: the day I left the Communist Party was a very sad one for me, it was like a day of deep mourning, the mourning for my lost youth. And I come from a district where mourning is worn longer than elsewhere.

For Socialism is a faith: "the more Socialist theories claim to be 'scientific' the more transitory they are." A Socialist he remains and has added to this "an intuition of man's dignity and a feeling of reverence for that which in man is always striving to outdistance itself and lies at the root of his eternal disquiet."

People like Silone and Wright are quite simply good men, the rarest of human types. No vanity, no freakishness, no tasteless euphemisms from the planner's guide to the earthly paradise, no taint of the committee is in their writing. Wright is the only working-class author and, as Mr. Crossman says, the attraction of Communism for him was directly to the heart. Wright had what can only be called a vision of what Communism might do for the coloured peoples who have never known the Western conception of liberty. (Not even before the White conquest in their tribal life.) And yet, as with Silone and Spender, the question of liberty and telling the truth became crucial to Wright. He wished to write about his people and the Party tried to stop him and to turn him into a heel-clicking slogan-monger. He, too, was to suffer from that hatred which the Russian Communists directed upon the Western intellectuals; a hatred more than doctrinal, for Turgenev had long ago pointed to its source in the sense of inferiority. Farcically, the party members really thought that Wright's notes for a biography of another coloured comrade were the dossier of a spy. Or—in their persecution mania—saw that it could become so. There is no mistrust like the mistrust of the Elect, no hell like the backs of their minds. The open-hearted Wright found he was in a company with the morality of narks and the minds of dullards. There is an astonishing account of the trial of one of the Comrades in which precisely the results of the Moscow trials were induced by an elaborate staging of false, grandiose and irrelevant issues. All the same, Wright is sad but unembittered:

> I headed home alone, really alone now, telling myself that in all the sprawling immensity of the mighty American continent the least-known factor of living was the human heart, the least sought goal of being was a way to live a human life.

To that conclusion, I would say, most of those who have recovered from the lies and false hopes of the Thirties, would now subscribe.

V. S. PRITCHETT

* *The God that Failed: Six Studies in Communism.* With an introduction by Richard Crossman, M.P. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12s. 6d.

Winston Churchill's

WAR MEMOIRS VOLUME III

(JAN. 1941—JAN. 1942)

"THE GRAND ALLIANCE"

Twelve devastating months of world history recorded in the matchless prose of Britain's greatest statesman.

The German attack on Yugoslavia —on Greece—on Crete—on Russia— the mission of Rudolf Hess— Rommel's counter attack—the battle of the Atlantic—the sinking of the Bismark—Wavell and Auchinleck—the Atlantic Charter— Pearl Harbour.

The story behind these tremendous happenings

Begins on JAN. 26th. exclusively in

The Daily Telegraph

ORDER YOUR COPY **TO-DAY!**

METAMORPHOSIS AND LAMENT

Christmas, 1949

O bricks and lies and griefs heaped high in the
streets of London,
windows which, black or lighted, stare like a
corpse's eyes,
winters of waiting, summers lost; all for the
motor's
murderous rhetoric, rattle of harassing coin!

Can the carol-singers herald a separate season,
pennies be pennies of peace when, in a block of
flats,
their song, like wood-wind music, fluting, wintery,
lucid,
drifts down the corridor and listening minds are
attuned?

Doors, indeed, were opened: communion came
for a moment
to those who, related, but foreign as fishes to birds,
in parallel cubicles cloister their clashing hungers
and the hollow heart's need; it came like
remembered love,
brief as the breath of Orpheus when animals
heard him,
forgot their feuds and their trades and awoke
to the world.

But we asked them in; four little girls: "Must
it be carols?"
one of them pleaded. "Of course not; whatever
you like."
Lining up, they started: wriggled their hips for
the rumba,
swinging and swaying, kicked for the samba,
turned about,
then crooned and swooned as they pointed sig-
nificant fingers,
carollers now, a chorus blindly knowing, profane.

Savagery filled their song, the bloated vastness of
cities,
rain on roof-tops, kisses in door-ways, the dark
facades,
traffic's cacophony and nightly a stillness broken
by footfalls lonely and loud, like a drum in their
dreams.

No knowledge but this, and none but a city season
can ever be theirs, till sickness transfigures the
past,
recollection creates lost summers and wasted
winters,
builds Eden where only the pavements blossomed
and froze.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

THE BIRDS

When, drawn behind his lamplight and shut doors,
his windows dumb, and his day carpeted,
the miser contemplation glowers within
his jealous web (and winding silence pores
on toys of Nothing in that golden shade);
or falls to mapping knowledge by the coin,
or counts himself in poems; when he stands
in his own image on the glass of prayer:
whatever asks a secrecy of hands,
or wedded patience of the tower of cards,
his wild familiars trouble—he will hear
the mouse-eyed amorous eavesdropping birds.

Oh birds whose homely wings flutter his pane,
cry back your brothers on the weather's wing
wrestling in red air, tassel-hovering, twined
in the blue patterns of the shoals of sun;
cry back the whistle of their flight, their song
in the torn evening trailing like threads of wind.
He knows their picaresque employment; he
has watched from the wife-lintel of his door
that eloquence of breath, and how the tree
streams bowing through its amethyst: but all
his care and cunning have been bound (no more
those echoing coloured miles) within the wall.

TERENCE TILLER

THE GOLDEN AGE

The Life and Times of Po-Chü-i. By ARTHUR WALEY. *Allen & Unwin.* 18*s.*

All civilisations as they get along in life feel the need for a Golden Age. It is the food on which hope for better times alone can live. For us the reign of Anne, I suppose; for India, that of Asoka; the Chinese, the T'ang era, and in particular the eight decades spanned by that national institution, the poet Po Chü-i.

Material relics of T'ang China are rare enough. Bronzes, anonymously archaistic in manner; but few paintings whose authenticity is unquestioned; the funerary camels and dancers of terracotta which, with a proper choice of cactus, equipped the "arty" interior of the Thirties. The two great T'ang capitals, Ch'ang-an and Lo-yang, have sunk into provincial decrepitude; the Wiltshire valley where I live boasts more architecture of the ninth century than survives through all North China.

Nor, though it saw China become the mightiest polity in the world, was the T'ang era one of continuous political triumph. Tartar and Tibetan invasions constantly disturbed it; rebellions like An Lu-shan's (A.D. 755) ruined the Empire's principal cities and killed countless millions. Po Chü-i's own life was tangled in a web of intrigue, insurrections, *coups de main*, favourites exiled, disgraced ministers brought out of exile and aired, like winter clothes from camphorwood chests. By middle age Po Chü-i had found the game too hot for him; he threw up a distinguished public career to play the fuddled innocuous poet whom no one would dream of "purging," even in a time of twanging nerves.

Yet the T'ang era remains fixed into the Chinese memory with golden nails. In pre-war China (and for all I know in Communist China to-day) the T'ang era stood for a level of human felicity whose reattainment would be an achievement so dazzling, no statesman would dare to hold it as a practical ambition. The truth is, it was one of the great moments in the history of the human spirit; and it owed its greatness, as much as anything, perhaps, to its richness in Universal Men (in Goethe's sense of the word). Historically viewed, what figure is more repulsive than the single-minded specialist? Why does the Younger Pitt fail to charm, while Mr. Gladstone commands one's grudging affection? Because Pitt cared for nothing but government, while Mr. Gladstone could collect fine points of theology as another might snuffboxes, and cared for the *Odyssey* as much as he did for power.

So with the T'ang worthies. In the best of them were united the benign administrator, the passionate reformer, the philosopher and the great artist; there was, for instance, the charming talented Yang Ch'ang who put himself in prison rather than tax the needy district of which he was Governor: Yüan Chen, with his integrity, his reforming zeal, his high-minded capacity for braving disfavour, his graceful poems; then his beloved friend, Po Chü-i, who contrived at once to rise high in the Civil Service and to get a contemporary international fame as a poet, such as only Byron has equalled since. Po Chü-i's own writings afford ample details for a biography. Mr. Waley therefore limits himself to a commentary which at first seems excessive in its self-effacement. But as it proceeds the book justifies his discretion. The poet's life, and that of his brilliant circle, deploy in that rhythm, unobtrusive yet poignant, rarely heard since Maurice Baring's death. It is the art of transcendentalising the anti-climax into a movement of time at first grey, imperceptible, then of a sudden grown so bright, one might be living the narrative personally, with one's own death waiting on the last page.

Yet though Po Chü-i's poems evoke a landscape instinctively familiar to us, we must be cautious. Some forty years ago Lytton Strachey, after reading Giles's *Chinese Poetry in English Verse*, exultantly declared "we might be in the alleys of Versailles." He may well have had Po Chü-i in mind, for here in some moods is a close brother to La Fontaine and Pope. He possesses for instance an exquisite sense of life's "worldly" side, a phenomenon he accepts as uncomplainingly, as inevitably as he takes the Yangtze Gorges. When disgraced and in exile he writes:

> In my changed position I could not really expect
> To go on knowing the people I knew before. . . .

But Strachey's tribute is only exact within limits. The analogy of Mr. Waley's biography to the Baring novels rigidly defines those limits. Here, it is true, are the early *engouements*, the frustrated meetings, the over-punctual deaths such as we find in Baring's *Cat's Cradle*. But the fuel to drive the machinery in Po Chü-i's life, as in the lives of most Chinese poets, was not sexual love but friendship.

> To the European (Mr. Waley) has said, the relation between man and woman is a thing of supreme importance and mystery. To the Chinese it is something commonplace and obvious—a need of the body, not a satisfaction of the *emotions*. These he reserves entirely for friendship."

Po Chü-i's case is typical. To Yüan Chen he could write:

> There is one that I love in a far, far land;
> There is something that harrows me, tied in the
> depths of my heart,
> So far is the land that I cannot visit him. . . .

Though homosexuality is far from unknown in China, there is little reason to deduce it here. It is simply that affection, loosed from the carping madness of sex, raises friendship to the cornerstone of existence. Meanwhile the wife to whom the poet was married thirty-eight years long comes to life only in one poem, where he deplores her "sitting in the moonlight and repining about the past"; while the only real "love" poem, in our sense of the word, celebrates the end of a fancy he had once felt for a singing-girl in Soochow. Singing-girls, of course, with their repertory of classic songs and quotations were the only women who could hold their own with scholars intellectually, the only ones who could lend grace at once to bed and board. Chinese history is rich in able women politicians, but poor in blue stockings. A marriage of true minds, the romantic longings, the sensuous frustration of European poetry, would have befogged Po Chü-i. What in the world, for instance, would he have made of *St. Agnes' Eve?*

But within these emotional limits, how rich is his verse! His vision is so concentrated, so powerful, one thinks of a drop of spring water under the microscope. The triumph of neo-Confucianism, the hardening of China's intellectual arteries, were still several centuries away, and it may well be to Buddhist exercises that we owe this clarity of eye:

> All night and again all day
> Heavy and fast—the snow never ceased,
> Now mass on mass goose-feather flakes dropped;
> Now but a wind-blown dust of ground jade.
> Winter had gone and spring was blossoming
> When the air changed and the wind grew icy-cold.
> In the Royal Park the young plants perished;
> On the Serpentine the ice formed again.
> The apricot-bloom lost its brightness and died;
> Loaded with ice the willow-branches snapped.

Friends might die, and the small son born to Po Chü-i when he was already middle-aged; the poet himself had a stroke. Nevertheless the last years of his life, as recorded in Mr. Waley's book, exude a golden felicity. The poet's almost metaphysical sharpness of vision in no way depended upon asceticism. The tippling to which his later poems make constant reference may well have hidden an element of political subterfuge. But the old song-bird, one suspects, genuinely loved his wine-pot. These lines, written at the age of seventy-two, when he was the poetical lion of the whole Far Eastern world, might serve as an example to all our public veterans with literary pretensions:

> My dusty cap-strings bob about, tickling my
> white locks;
> Helped to my feet, I ask Your Excellence
> In the rules on Superannuation is there any
> clause that bars
> The subsequent singing of mad songs or reeling
> in a drunken dance?

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

WHY VOTE YOUR WAY?

THE GREAT DEBATE IS ON!

ISSUES VITAL TO BRITAIN ARE BEING THRASHED OUT IN THE *NEWS CHRONICLE* BY LEADING MEN AND WOMEN OF ALL PARTIES INCLUDING:

C. R. ATTLEE, M.P.
HERBERT MORRISON, M.P.
LORD BEVERIDGE
SIR D. MAXWELL FYFE, M.P.
CLEMENT DAVIES, M.P.
ANTHONY EDEN, M.P.
HAROLD MACMILLAN, M.P.
HARRY POLLITT

Week commencing Monday, January 23:

Only a Coalition government of "all the talents" can save the nation from disaster.
YES: **LORD ELTON**
NO: **EMANUEL SHINWELL, M.P.**

Would another Labour government be the best guarantee of full employment?
YES: **G. A. ISAACS, M.P.**
NO: **R. A. BUTLER, M.P.**

NEWS CHRONICLE

BUY IT

The God that Failed

Six Studies in Communism

KOESTLER **GIDE**
SILONE **WRIGHT**
SPENDER **FISCHER**

Introduction by
RICHARD CROSSMAN, M.P.

'Arthur Koestler's essay is one of the most handsome presents that has ever been given to future historians of our time.'—REBECCA WEST (*New York Times*)
Book Society Recommend *12s. 6d. net*

The Ruthless Innocent

PATRICK BALFOUR

A gay first novel in which no bells toll for the fate of mankind. The action takes place in that almost legendary decade, the Nineteen Twenties. *9s. 6d. net*

The Eye of the Night

CHRISTOPHER DILKE

An exciting and fast-moving novel by a young writer who has something of the power of Graham Greene. *8s. 6d. net*

HAMISH HAMILTON LTD

CHATTO & WINDUS

SOVIET GENETICS AND WORLD SCIENCE

Julian Huxley

'Destined to go into the permanent literature of science.'
PROFESSOR SCHEINFELD

'Warmly recommended to the man in the street.'
MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

'His book is clear and his analysis is so organized that the layman can follow his argument without difficulty.' HAROLD LASKI

'Important and highly topical; a brilliant, convincing piece of work.' NEWS REVIEW

So say the critics—
but have you yourself yet read this astonishing record?

8s. 6d. net

Peter de Polnay
INTO AN OLD ROOM

(The Paradox of Edward Fitzgerald)

Mr. de Polnay derived the inspiration for this unique mingling of biography and autobiography from two years' residence at Boulge Hall, Fitzgerald's Suffolk home.

Jan. 31 Illustrated 12s. 6d.

Egon Glesinger
THE COMING AGE OF WOOD

An optimistic book about the world's future. The head of U.N.'s Forestry Section outlines the enormous increase in prosperity which proper utilisation of the world's wood resources could make possible. Foreword by Lord Boyd Orr.

Jan. 26 12s. 6d.

C. H. B. Kitchin
THE CORNISH FOX

"Malcolm Warren is my favourite among living amateur detectives."
—Desmond MacCarthy in *Sunday Times*
9s. 6d.

SECKER & WARBURG

Prof. A. C. Pigou

SOCIALISM
versus
CAPITALISM

"An attempt at a completely dispassionate review of the relative merits of Socialism and Capitalism, regarded as complete and rival economic systems. Even if Professor Pigou does not cause a single reader to change his mind, he may save a good many of them from the use of slipshod reasoning in support of their opinion." G. D. H. COLE—(*New Statesman*)

7th Imp. 6s. net

Prof. John Jewkes

ORDEAL BY PLANNING

"The main aim of this book is to show that the whole method and philosophy of central planning is dangerous, mistaken and incompetent. After reading these perceptive pages, there will be few who fail to agree with Professor Jewkes." *Financial Times.*

First cheap edition. 7s. 6d. net

Dr. Laurence Klein

THE
KEYNESIAN REVOLUTION

A review of the Keynesian theory as a revolutionary doctrine in both thought and social and economic reform.

Ready Feb. 3rd. 15s. net

MACMILLAN

Published Thursday:

ENGLISH DRAMA FROM EARLY TIMES TO THE ELIZABETHANS

A. P. ROSSITER, M.A.
Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, University Lecturer in English

An outline, with detailed examinations of representative plays, of the growth of a native drama in England, up to the foundations of the Tudor stage. Due attention is given to the persistence of a histrionic tradition through the centuries of cultural confusion after the end of civilization as the Romans knew it; and the aim of the book is throughout to relate dramatic or sub-dramatic forms to their environments, and to show them not as pieces in a literary-historic museum, but as the productions of living minds. The continuities of tradition and culture are shown in a close linking of the "renaissance" drama with the "medieval" and a major purpose of the book is to throw light not merely on the remoteness of the miracle, mystery and morality plays, but on the Shakespearian drama itself.

Frontispiece 16/-

IN THE "SENIOR SERIES"

HUTCHINSON'S
UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

REDEEMING THE TIME

Christianity and History. By HERBERT BUTTERFIELD. *Bell.* 7s. 6d.

Faith and History. By REINHOLD NIEBUHR. *Nisbet.* 16s.

Professor Butterfield occupies the chair of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, and his book is a revision of a series of Third Programme talks. Dr. Niebuhr still occupies, I believe, some post at the Union Theological Seminary in New York, and his book is a threefold revision of lectures given successively at Yale, in Scotland and at Upsala. Professor Butterfield is a professional historian: he has looked up from his documents and away from his students and here gives urbane expression to a belief that history does not contradict the Christian faith and may indeed receive some illumination from it. Dr. Niebuhr is a thinker and a publicist: he gives turgid and occasionally brilliant expression to some hard thinking on the subject of such well-known abstractions from history as Classical Antiquity, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, the Enlightenment and the Modern World. In fact, the chief differences between these two books are differences of background and approach, of tone of voice and to some extent of purpose, for, while Dr. Niebuhr is always passionately contentious, Professor Butterfield seems to aim at little more than a *nihil obstat*. The views expressed in the two books are largely identical, and on neither would one have been surprised to see the imprint of the S.C.M. Press. Both Professor Butterfield and Dr. Niebuhr have a down on the nineteenth century for its belief in Progress. Poking fun at Progress was a favourite pastime of English Roman Catholic publicists before the war. Now it has spread to the very liberals who were then supposed to be the chief culprits, for I take both Professor Butterfield and Dr. Niebuhr to be liberals of a kind. Professor Butterfield epitomises a journalist's conception of the good don, and it will be surprising if he does not one day head a royal commission; while, from before the war, one remembers Dr. Niebuhr as one of those very advanced Protestant thinkers who toyed actively with what he would now call Marxist Utopianism. They are both perfectly right, of course, though perhaps a bit late off the mark. I do not know whether anybody believes in Progress now: I am not sure how many people ever did, apart from Lord Tennyson and scientists.

On the whole, student Christians would do better to invest in Professor Butterfield. Not only does he say less and say it less emphatically, but his prose itself is worthy of imitation, and his book, at less than half the price, is almost twice as well produced. Dr. Niebuhr makes extensive use of such terms as "catastrophism," "particularistic," "theological literalism" (or "literalistic orthodoxy") and "envision" (a verb). He says, for instance: "The subjugation of romantic pessimism, together with the transmutation of Marxist catastrophism establishes historical optimism far beyond the confines of modern rationalism." Of Professor Butterfield, one feels that it would be in bad taste to inquire whether he really believed in the various doctrines constituting the myth with which he would drive out the other myth. But Dr. Niebuhr leaves us in no doubt. We must not, with Augustine, "exempt the church from the ambiguities and contradictions of history more absolutely than the prophets of Israel exempted their own nation." We must not indulge in that false rationalising whereby "the Jesus of history who becomes the Christ by faith is interpreted as an inhuman and incredible personality with alleged powers of omniscience." The Resurrection ("an alteration in the story"), the Virgin Birth ("this type of miracle is in opposition to true faith"), and Immortality ("a transcendental version of the old sin of trying too desperately to live"), go down like ninepins. I do not see how Dr. Niebuhr could disbelieve more and continue to hold down even a Protestant appointment. He denounces here and there both Unitarian deism and the view of Christ as the great exemplar, but if one of the quotations above ("the Jesus of history who becomes the Christ by faith") is not exemplarism, it verges on the adoptionist. Which of the Christian stage-properties are we left with? I can find none except a "symbolic historical event such as the 'fall' of man" and sacraments "to symbolise the having and not having the final virtue and truth." I cannot see what "the 'Mercy' of God" (Dr. Niebuhr's inverted commas) portends upon the bare boards of this historical stage. It means, perhaps, that we have to suppose the play to be less intolerable than we privately think it.

Professor Butterfield ends up in no such untenable position. No horny dilemmas for him. And yet, if anybody were to ask me outright which of the two minds, his or Dr. Niebuhr's, I myself found the more attractive, I should have to admit that it was Dr. Niebuhr's. The man is angry and puzzled, and he lets it be seen. Nor do I think that Professor Butterfield, for all he keeps his difficulties to himself, in any way more properly represents the Christian view of history, which, *filioque* or no *filioque*, is specific only in its full mythological dress. It is true that Léon Bloy projected a divine symbolism of history and that, in the modernising seventeenth century, Tommaso Campanella, in *The City of the Sun*, was able to propound a view closer to that of the Greek physicists, which Dr. Niebuhr so justly compares with Nietzsche's Eternal Recurrence, and to say that the world process would be complete only when all its possibilities had been exhausted (upon which Nietzsche could, I think, justly have commented that we should then be back where we were, possibilities and all). It is true, too, that the Calvinist, Jansenist and monastic view of the world as a vale of tears reduces history to insignificance. But the radical peculiarity in Christian belief is that something took place at a particular moment which changed the whole course of things. The prompt expectation of a Second Coming having been disappointed, the Incarnation divides history in two. Before the year dot, nobody could be saved, damned or posthumously improved. Between the Crucifixion and now (more exactly, between the spread of the gospel and the restoration of a purely secular education), hardly anybody could expect to slip into Limbo on a plea of ignorance. This intolerably diminishes the pagan world. Graham Greene has repeatedly pointed out how much more dignified it is to be offered the choice of Heaven or Hell, and, by its lack of such a choice, the pagan world is cruelly diminished, made to look spiritually adolescent. It would seem then that progress of a kind has taken place, darkened as it may be in our time.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

JOHN SKELTON

Skelton: The Life and Times of an Early Tudor Poet. By H. L. R. EDWARDS. *Cape.* 18s.

The Complete Poems of John Skelton. Edited by PHILIP HENDERSON. *Dent.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. Henderson's useful popular edition of Skelton and Dr. Edwards's comprehensive and briskly written critical biography help us, between them, to get a puzzling figure into perspective. During the last thirty years, Skelton has been an important influence on some of our finer poets—on Mr. Graves's serious work and on Mr. Auden's light satires. It is rather hard, at a first glance, to see why. He is not the poet of a broad human wisdom, like Chaucer, or of a deep personal passion, like Villon. He is not a conscious artist in a ripe tradition, like his Scottish contemporary, Dunbar. The liveliness of his writing comes partly from an alert reaction against a tradition, which in England, though not in Scotland, was in decay. This gives him, of course, a technical relevance in our own time, when there has been a similar series of revolts against faded forms, rhetorics and dictions. But his personality also

T. S. Eliot on G. V. Desani

All about H. Hatterr

Certainly a remarkable book; in all my experience, I have not met with anything quite like it. It is amazing that anyone should be able to sustain a piece of work in this style and tempo at such length.

Hali: a play

I consider Mr. Desani's Hali a striking and unusual piece of work. It is a completely different sort of thing from his Hatterr, and often the imagery is terrifyingly effective. It is, of course, as poetry that I take Hali.

ALL ABOUT H. HATTERR BY G. V. DESANI: 9/6 NET

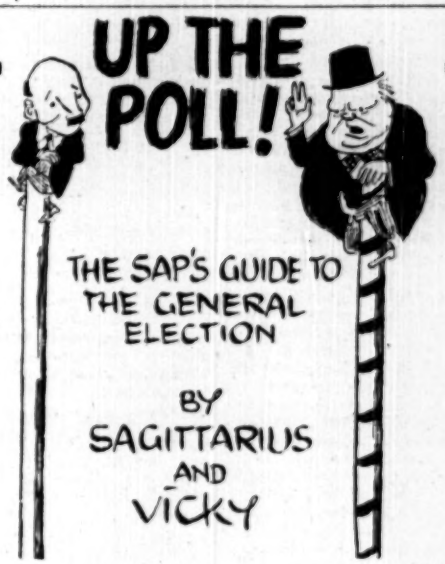
HALI: A PLAY BY G. V. DESANI: 7/6 NET

PUBLISHED ON 23 JAN. 1950 BY THE SATURN PRESS

On display

including some autographed copies, available at the published prices at **Better Books**

BOOKSELLERS OF 94 CHARING CROSS ROAD



Non-political Voters!

You need this compact, comprehensive, non-party, non-propagandist, non-authoritative Guide to Election issues. Sagittarius' verse-Gallup round the constituencies and Vicky's political pin-ups (over fifty drawings) will help the inexperienced elector to choose his Party—and to keep the party clean.

OUT TODAY 2s. 6d.

TURNSTILE PRESS, 10 GT. TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1

JANUARY LIST

YALTA:
the full story
★
Roosevelt
&
the Russians
EDWARD R. STETTINIUS
Jnr.
16s. net

In the
ESSENTIAL SERIES
★
The Essential
Samuel Butler
Edited by
G. D. H. COLE
12s. 6d. net

4 new
NOVELS
★
ALEXANDER BARON
(From the City, From the Plough)
There's No Home*

P. H. NEWBY
(A Journey to the Interior)
The Young May Moon

PHILIP WOODRUFF
(Call the Next Witness)
The Island of Chamba
each 9s. 6d. net

ANNA SEBASTIAN
(Let thy Moon Arise)
The Dreams*
12s. 6d. net

* *Publication January 30*

JONATHAN CAPE

FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS

THE SURE THING
Merle Miller
A new novel by the author of *That Winter*. "An arresting and provocative book. It is extremely well written, tense, engrossing, dramatic." *New York Times*. BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION. Ready February 9th. 10s. 6d.

DOSTOEVSKY
Ernest J. Simmons
An important critical study of Dostoevsky's work by the author of the standard biography of Tolstoy. 18s.

CHEKHOV IN MY LIFE
Lydia Avilov
A tender, humorous, exquisitely told story of a secret love affair in Chekhov's life, which also throws new and interesting light on *The Seagull*. *Illustrated by Lynton Lamb*. 10s. 6d.

A VOICE THROUGH A CLOUD
Denton Welch
A posthumous novel by the brilliant young writer and artist who died in 1948. It is, we believe, his best and most mature work. 10s. 6d.

A GENTLE CREATURE
Fyodor Dostoevsky
A new translation of seven of Dostoevsky's outstanding shorter novels. THE CHILTERN LIBRARY. 8s. 6d

JOHN LEHMANN

THE BOAT
L. P. Hartley
A Book Society Recommendation
A humorous, gently satiric novel of village life by the author of *The Shrimp and the Anemone*.
Ready Jan. 23 *540 pages* *12s. 6d.*

THE FACTORY
Vera Panova
The author of *The Train* writes of human passions in a typical Soviet factory town. *Ready Jan. 23* *9s. 6d.*

WAGNER NIGHTS
Ernest Newman
A companion volume to *Opera Nights*, this book analyses Wagner's operas for the listener. *Ready Jan. 30*
767 pages *Illustrated* *35s.*

COMPLETE BALLETS
C. W. Beaumont
This new, completely revised edition, is a comprehensive work on the Ballets themselves. *Ready Jan. 30*
1,104 pages *160 Illustrations* *30s.*

PUTNAM

comes over; and in relation to his age, an age like ours of uncomfortable transition—with the old traditions beginning to look futile and musty, and the innovations, on the other hand, wearing a disturbing and brutal face—his personal problems resembled those of that good man fallen between two stools: the contemporary liberal humanist.

One of Dr. Edwards's most fascinating chapters takes us back to a summer's day of 1499, a dinner party, at once symbolic and real, in Prince Henry's palace at Eltham. The diners included the young More, Erasmus, and Skelton himself—Prince Henry's tutor. Skelton represented the older generation, More and Erasmus "the new era . . . of intellectual sweetness and light, based on the study of Greek and the higher criticism of the Vulgate." These humanists were concerned with problems which Skelton had never put to himself. They thought in such entirely different terms that there was no basis for argument, let alone agreement, between this last odd representative of the medieval synthesis and these benign but too sanguine scholars, the unconscious precursors of a cruel and magnificent individualism. Skelton shared the richly allegorical approach of the medieval world—"Behold, I show you a mystery." He, as a poet, was confronted then with the mystery of things as well as persons; of institutions as well as emotions. But the new age impinged on him. The Renaissance concept of the Magnificent Man (capable of superb vices as well as virtues, the creature of naked will) finds a medieval expression in his morality play *Magnificence*. This is a morality concerned not so much with the traditional theological vices and virtues as with the new, raw, vigorous world of early Tudor politics. The title role belongs to the King himself. Here, and in his satires, spoken as it were out of the corner of the mouth, in tones of monitory uneasiness, we can sense Skelton's understanding of the new mystery of secular power—that mystical "abyss of Reason of State."

Skelton's life and work, in addition to their larger relevance, are full of small, pleasant puzzles and Dr. Edwards answers such questions as "Who owned Philip Sparrow?" "What was the significance of that ambiguous bird in *Speke Parrot*?" (As a real bird, the parrot to Skelton, as to ourselves, belonged to Nature's comic page; as a legendary, or allegorical bird, on the other hand, it had many striking qualities, including that of being a prophet.) Dr. Edwards offers us a plausible reason, also, for Skelton's change of tune, towards the end of his life, about his old enemy, Wolsey. And on technical questions he is extremely interesting, tracing the characteristic Skeltonic metre, for instance, to all sorts of sources—goliardic verse, Latin rhymed prose, even to the hexameter. He is justly hard on Skelton's early, more traditional practice in the manner of Godfrey de Vinsauf, the 13th-century rhetor; Geoffrey's notion of the aureate or adorned style was all gilding and no substance. The aureate tradition, which in Scotland could still produce splendidly ornate and yet muscular writing like Dunbar's, had in England at the same period ceased to have a living relation to a rapidly changing language and a rapidly changing society. The trouble was not that rhetoric, or a set of accepted rules and formulas, is a bad thing in itself; much of the Elizabethan and Jacobean poetry that we most admire—Donne in such a figure as *catachresis*; Spenser in correlative elaboration—is based on Renaissance textbooks of logic and poetic, like those of Ramus and Scaliger. The trouble, in Skelton's time, was that medieval traditions of rhetoric were out of date, Renaissance concepts not yet operative; though Skelton is capable (as Dr. Edwards notes) of using such an outmoded medieval figure as *exclamatio*—a kind of stilted, abstract, upbraiding—in *Philip Sparrow* to topical advantage. Was Skelton's medievalism, as Dr. Edwards seems to assume sometimes, wholly a pity? Is it true that our sympathy is inevitably and firmly on the side of the rising Tudor *bourgeoisie*? Roman Catholics and architectural and liturgical antiquarians are not alone in preferring, for instance, the falling Whiting of Glastonbury to the rising Cromwell of Essex. Dr. Edwards's rather exclusive sympathy for the winning side seems to smack, a little, of the Victorian belief in automatic progress. But these are trifling carpings at a first-rate book, full of lively and significant detail, written with a most inviting crispness. Mr. Henderson's edition of the poems is accurate and readable. It gains much in interest if read together with Dr. Edwards's excellent biography.

IAIN FLETCHER

APPEARANCES AND REALITIES

The Woman in Fashion. By DORIS LANGLEY MOORE. *Batsford.* 25*s.*
Style in Costume. By JAMES LAVER. *Oxford.* 6*s.*

All who take an interest in costume, whether that interest be frivolous or serious, will be delighted by Mrs. Langley Moore's new book. It contains pictures of a hundred and more dresses dating from 1800 to 1927; these are beautiful in themselves, they are beautifully worn by charming models, skilfully photographed and well reproduced. There are but two failures—attempts to reproduce colour-photographs. This book certainly provides the most vivid and accurate record of past fashions that has ever been published. The method of dressing living models has never been used with anything like the same success and it presents great advantages. It provides a valuable and badly needed corrective to the idealised and distorted images of pictures and of fashion plates.

The Woman in Fashion may be recommended on the strength of the illustrations alone; but these are introduced by a lively, sensible, and well-written essay, in which Mrs. Langley Moore develops a general theory of fashion which is well worth the reader's attention. Perceiving the insuperable difficulties which confront all those theories which derive from generalisations regarding human nature, or from the supposed influence of historical events or ideas, she arrives at the conclusion that fashion is primarily an expression of status, and that it evolves through emulation, whenever social conditions are of a nature to permit such evolution:

> A major would not dream of appearing on parade in a field-marshal's uniform, even though he preferred it æsthetically to his own, because the army is a society with a fixed order where individual rights are strictly limited; but a merchant's wife may go to the Savoy Hotel wearing the same model as a duchess.

All those of us who write about Costume, or about Social History, have a great deal to learn from the lucid, witty and devastating arguments of Mrs. Langley Moore; no one has more to learn than the ingenious author of *Style in Costume* who, stumbling upon a respectable mole hill, seems convinced that he is perched upon Sinai. Mr. Laver exhibits a series of pictures which show, or purport to show, the manner in which clothes reproduce shapes discoverable in the architecture and decoration of the age and country to which they belong. It is unfortunate that Mr. Laver has been able to find so few originals with which to illustrate his thesis and has, to a large extent, relied upon nineteenth-century engravings. Nevertheless, we do gain a notion of the manner in which a particular shape or motive recurs within a given style. The evidence is suggestive and interesting; but it will hardly suffice to demonstrate the ambitious theories which Mr. Laver advances.

> We are compelled [he says] to postulate a "Spirit of the Age" which decides what the shape of things shall be; and if the "Spirit of the Age" is a myth, at least it seems to be a myth that works.

We are compelled to do no such thing, least of all when Mr. Laver attempts to describe the duties of this sweated demi-urge.

> . . . it does seem as if there were, at any given time, a mould into which the imagination of the age is compelled to pour itself, with the result that everything that is produced in that age is, more or less, of the same shape, even when any question of conscious *style* is ruled out.

A moment's reflection will convince us that Mr. Laver does not mean exactly what he says; he cannot really suppose that time exerts a uniform influence on the design of artifacts; neither does he imply that a top hat is shaped like a crinoline—though he cites both garments with a magisterial disregard for his own inconsistency. I cannot discover from these pages just what he does mean; but one may divine the drift of his argument well enough to perceive that he has contrived to ignore a great mass of negative or conflicting evidence.

Mr. Laver is worth reading, even when he is being utterly wrong-headed. His manner of making the wildest generalisations on the strength of an isolated example is engaging, and the theoretical edifices which he balances upon such foundations are very elegant. In this work he is usually amusing and sometimes informative; but the most indulgent readers may think that he places too great a strain upon our natural credulity. QUENTIN BELL

NEW NOVELS

The Young May Moon. By P. H. NEWBY *Cape.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The World Next Door. By FRITZ PETERS. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Island of Chamba. By PHILIP WOODRUFF. *Cape.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

First Steps Inside The Zoo. By JOHN LODWICK. *Heinemann.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

I have to confess with shame that P. H. Newby's fifth novel, *The Young May Moon*, is the first of his I have read. Coming fresh to his work, two things struck me. The first was that one immediately accepted his particular approach, entered his world and had no temptation to "compare and contrast" him with any other writer. The second was that he never cheats. I could not find a single paragraph where he had taken his eye off the mark or slurred or blurred an effect. One reason I am so anxious now to read the four predecessors of *The Young May Moon* is to find out whether this complete authority over his material is something he has gradually achieved or whether his is one of those rare talents that seem to have been born mature.

The core of *The Young May Moon* is the stern, passionate, love of the fifteen-year-old Philip for his father, a weak man, attractive to women but unable to hold the only one he loved. After the death of his stepmother whom he had always looked on as his mother and for whom he had a strong affection, Philip is told that his real mother was the first wife, Laura. The news, broken with relish by a kindly but unperceptive aunt, produces a paralysing shock. The boy can feel no emotion about this unknown mother; instead he seems doubly bereaved for his father has drifted away, as he has all his life, from any situation too painful to face, leaving Philip devoured by love, resentment and anxiety. The crisis between the two is most beautifully resolved just when the misunderstanding has reached its height and Alec is about to embark on a third and obviously disastrous marriage. The boy's honesty calls up something in the father; they have one of those moments of communication so rare between human beings, moments which produce no immediate neat solution yet profoundly change the course of a relationship.

One impressive thing about Mr. Newby is a power of combining sober accuracy with imaginative vision. He takes the simplest things; a suburban street, a bakehouse, a woman's clothes and, with no pressing of the pedal, makes them poetic. The texture of the book is so much of a piece that one should quote from every page or none, but I cannot resist giving one typical instance of this particular quality:

> It was late at night, during the card-playing under the plum tree that the enchantment was strongest. Lil brought out two candles in brass sticks and set them in the centre of the table. The air was so still that the two flames stood up unwaveringly, throwing their gentle light upon hands, glasses of beer, playing cards and, in the darkness of the branches, the clusters of golden fruit. . . . Warm air lingered in the hollow and the men, in their shirt sleeves, sweated as they played. Occasionally a candle would be extinguished by a moth and they would have to pause while Smollett searched in his pocket for the matches. For long minutes there would be no sound but the slither of cards, the squeak of a match-stick as old Griffin moved it up the cribbage board, and the murmurs of the stream.

Nothing could be more different from the control of Mr. Newby than Fritz Peters's *The World Next Door*. This American first novel is not so much composed as forced out of the writer by the need to put down a terrible experience while still raw and quivering from its impact. Dedicated to "the Veterans of war and society in all psychiatric institutions" it is the autobiographical record of a young ex-soldier who spent some months in an asylum and was subjected to all the latest methods of treatment, the pack, the insulin injection and the electric shock. *The World Next Door* belongs to the prose rather than the poetry of insanity. There is now enough authentic writing on this subject to make it possible to see that the quality of the fantasies of the insane is related to the quality of the patient's imagination. Many artists have gone mad but merely going mad does not make an artist. This is nevertheless an important and a painfully interesting book and should be read by anyone with professional or amateur interest in psychology. As a novel, its fearful fascination lies in the Kafka-like sense of frustration the man experiences in face of the endless questions he is asked, questions to which the wrong answer may produce anything from disbelief to physical violence or to treatments which can only appear to his confused mind as arbitrary tortures. Even kindness is suspect. Is it an unnerving assault on his protective toughness? Is it a hypocritical prelude to some fresh therapeutic onslaught on a creature deprived of all freedom of choice? To whom can he appeal? "Who was the final authority . . . the omnipotent force or person who decided . . . well, if I could have a pencil, if I was sane?"

We share every step of Mitchell's walk along the mental tight-rope between fantasy and fact, between his family's desire to keep him in the asylum long enough to ensure his disability pension and his own ambivalent wish to be free from the place and yet have no further contact with the society he has come to hate and fear. We scan with him the face of every doctor or attendant . . . friend or enemy? We share his frantic efforts to collect his lost identity after "shock" and his indignant sense of mutilation. "What have you put out of my mind that will never come back into it? . . . I don't even know what it is that I no longer know." Nevertheless, vivid and honest as the book is, I do not think it can be called a work of art. It is not merely that the writer is still too near the experience to recollect the emotion in tranquillity, but something more subtle. The reader is forced to share the predicament and the agony; he is roused to pity, terror and indignation but he does not share the catharsis which remains private to the writer. On the evidence of his one book I see no evidence for the publishers' claim that it "would seem to catapult Fritz Peters high into the ranks of our important novelists." Intense awareness of one's own mental states are only part of the novelist's equipment and Peters's weakness as a writer is at once apparent when he attempts to sketch characters outside the asylum. At once the writing becomes flat and dead; he is only interested in other people as they affect him subjectively. Nevertheless, both as a personal record and a social document, the book is of great value. It raises disturbing questions, not only about modern methods of dealing with insanity and the assumptions that underlie them but about the effects of constant contact with the insane on doctors and attendants in institutions.

It would be perfectly possible to liken Mr. Woodruff's imaginary island of Chamba as a

THE
UNITED NATIONS
ASSOCIATION
YEAR BOOK 1949-50
Editor: Leslie R. Aldous
International Editor: H. R. Madol
Assistant Editor: Andrew Boyd
PUBLISHED ON BEHALF OF THE U.N.A.
25/-

COMMONWEALTH
by
HENRY
DRUMMOND-WOLFF
Foreword by THE RT. HON. L. S. AMERY, C.H.
"A challenge essentially constructive, setting out a better and in practice more attainable world order."
3/6

HUTCHINSON
Largest of Book Publishers

Out on 24th January
Letters to a Friend
MARCEL PROUST
translated by
Alexander and Elizabeth Henderson
with a preface by
Georges de Lauris
A collection of Proust's letters covering the period 1904-1919.
9s. 6d. net

Be Clean, Be Tidy
ELIZABETH BERRIDGE
'. . . in its grace and sensitivity, calls to mind qualities in the current work of two other Elizabeths (Bowen and Taylor)—and of several of their notable predecessors.'
New York Herald Tribune
8s. 6d. net

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS

FAMILY LIMITATION & ITS EFFECT ON HUMAN FERTILITY DURING THE PAST FIFTY YEARS

The first of the special studies made on behalf of the Royal Commission on Population.
A scientific statistical analysis of birth control based on the results of a questionnaire prepared by the Royal Society of Obstetricians and Gynæcologists.
4s. (4s. 4d.)

EUROPEAN CO-OPERATION

MEMORANDUM SUBMITTED TO O.E.E.C. RELATING TO ECONOMIC AFFAIRS DURING THE PERIOD 1950-52.
The programme on which the amount of dollar aid to be received by the United Kingdom is assessed.
[Cmd. 7862] 1s. (1s. 2d.)

ANNUAL ABSTRACT OF STATISTICS 1938-1948

Statistics dealing among other things with population, social conditions and education, production and trade, public finance. 12s. 6d. (13s. 3d.)

Prices in brackets include postage

H.M. STATIONERY OFFICE

York House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2; (Postal Orders P.O. Box 569, London, S.E.1) 13a Castle Street, Edinburgh, 2; 39 King Street, Manchester, 2; 2 Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3; 1 St. Andrew's Crescent, Cardiff; Tower Lane, Bristol, 1; 80 Chichester Street, Belfast *or through any bookseller.*

NEW SALE OFFICE: 429 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

RIVIERA HOLIDAYS
You will always remember

Before you choose your Continental holiday send for our free illustrated booklet which explains how CONTOURS can offer wonderful holidays at such economical prices.

TOURS TO THE FRENCH RIVIERA
Departures DAILY all the year round. Attractive routes over the Alpes & via the Rhone Valley. No night travel. Choice of five resorts—NICE, BEAULIEU, MONTE CARLO, MENTON and CANNES. Two excursions included. 7 or 14 days on the Riviera and one whole day free in PARIS.

BY COACH
13 day tour ..... 35 gns.
20 day tour ..... 43 gns.
15 day Luxury tour ..... 55 gns.

BY RAIL
13 day tour £33 0 0
17 day tour £41 10 0
Extension tours to Italy from Nice can be arranged.

AT LAST A COACH SERVICE TO SPAIN
London to Barcelona in 5 days. Departures once weekly. Attractive routes across France and excellent hotels en route. Return fare £35. Attractive suggestions for holidays in Spain and Majorca.
Plan your Continental holiday NOW. Our specialised staff will be pleased to help you in your choice.

CONTOURS LTD.
72 Newman Street, London W.1. (Dept. K.1.)
Please send me immediately your free illustrated Brochure giving full details of CONTOURS RIVIERA HOLIDAYS ABROAD for 1950.
My name .....
My address .....

CONTOURS LTD.
72 Newman St., London, W.1
Museum 8489 or 8483

happy introvert precipitated into temporary insanity by the rude intrusion of the outside world. Chamba is faced with the same problem as the princely States when it became known that the British were really going. For two hundred years it has been a political backwater, a feudal state where Muslims and Hindus lived amicably together and the people, ruled by a benevolent despot unwilling to arouse sleeping dogs by troublesome reforms, carry on their traditional way of life undisturbed by scientific progress or scientific war. In a few months the entire picture changes. Shorn of her vague British protection, Chamba finds herself an unwilling object of political importance to the new India as a potential air base. The sleeping dogs who have merely growled occasionally in their dreams awake and fly at each other's throats. Hindus and Muslims murder each other in the attempt to gain power and decide whether Chamba is to be dominated by India or fight an impossible "holy war" of independence. The story of the growing tension that leads to the break-up of a brittle and doomed society is told with great skill by an English onlooker, a young man sent out in a vague advisory capacity to the Sultan. The teller is equally aware of the charm of the kindly lotus-eating Chambans and the impossibility of averting their historical fate. Mr. Woodruff is sympathetically fair to all parties and as honest about his hero's failings as about the Sultan of Chamba's. The book is full of acute and sympathetic portraits. The Sultan is a marvellous and memorable character strongly reminiscent of Ackerley's Maharajah in *Hindoo Holiday*, though circumstances turn his fantastic figure, comic yet dignified, evasive yet candid, affable yet treacherous, into a tragic personage.

First Steps Inside the Zoo is one of those rather tiresome books about crooks, perverts, nymphomaniacs and sadistic millionaires which set out to be desperately tough and cynical but frequently trip up into embarrassing sentimentality. At any moment the author is apt to become almost spinsterishly coy as when, having taken a medically realistic line about all physical functions, he suddenly refers archly to a "kitten's penny-spending tray." Nevertheless Mr. Lodwick can be amusing, he can create an atmosphere, he can describe odd and *louche* characters and he can tell a story. If some shock treatment could deprive him of all memory of Hemingway, Norman Douglas and early Huxley, he might become something on his own.

ANTONIA WHITE

TWO SIDES OF THE ROCKIES

A Solo in Tom-Toms. By GENE FOWLER. *Saturn Press.* 10s. 6d.

West of the Rockies. By ERNEST YOUNG. *Edward Stanford.* 21s.

These two accounts of the American West are separated in space by the Rocky Mountains and in time by forty years. Mr. Fowler recalls his own boyhood and the Denver in which it was spent, the "mile high" city spreading along the sharp eastern escarpment of the mountains. Escarpment: the word comes naturally after one has laid aside Mr. Young's book. Never, in all his travels through Montana, Washington, Utah and the other States of the West, does Mr. Young forget that he was a geography teacher. Taking a trip with him is rather like a school outing with a jolly master. Good clean fun. "It's dangerous to walk along this precipice, boys. Can't you see that it is disintegrating basalt?" "Now we are leaving the lava plateau and entering the Great Basin. Would you like me to draw you a sketch-map?" By the time Mr. Young has done with you, heaped up his maps, cross-sections and photographs—the book is rather like a lantern-lecture—you are instructed and moderately entertained. By the time Mr. Fowler is done, however, you should feel that he is an old friend of the family.

Or, perhaps, that is a personal feeling that I have about Mr. Fowler and his Denver. I was first introduced to it after I had bought his *Timber Line* in Denver, and was diverted on a dull drive through Nebraska by having it read aloud to me. Denver's newspapers, especially the *Post* and the *Rocky Mountain News*, have strange and wonderful pasts. Through Denver passed the celebrities of the day; and in Denver, at the turn of the century, were the relics, not least of them Buffalo Bill Cody, of the frontier which somehow continued to dominate the life of the city even after it became a metropolis. I do not know whether Denver was, in fact, a more colourful place than most, or whether it is merely that Mr. Fowler has a capacity for making it appear so. But he is never at a loss for an anecdote about anybody in town, from a whore on Market Street to a silver millionaire dining in the Brown Palace hotel. Some of these characters I had met before, in *Timber Line*, and now I know them rather better. It is a testimony to their robust way of life and to Mr. Fowler's tact as a raconteur that he is never driven to repeat a story in this book that he has told already in its predecessor.

In its way, Mr. Fowler's own life was almost as bizarre as that of some of his Denver acquaintances. His father left his mother before he was born, to live hermit-like up in the mountains. Not until 1920 did Mr. Fowler meet his father for the first time; much of his childhood was spent looking for a substitute father. When his mother died, he was brought up by his grandmother, a lovable, waggish fundamentalist, who is really the heroine of this book. Through her house passed a strange procession of lodgers, quack doctors, salesmen and counterfeiters; while her husband, a prospector, passed his winters in the cellar, munching apples and preparing his kit and tools for yet another unsuccessful expedition in the coming spring. Mr. Fowler's writing is open to criticism. He remembers too much: conversations are recorded to the last comma. It is difficult sometimes to decide whether his biographies are fact or inspired reconstruction. But in his own case he can be given the benefit of the doubt. For he has brought vividly to life both his own childhood and the times and place in which it was spent.

Mr. Young was more than seventy when he undertook his journey partly on foot, partly hitch-hiking, through the West. Apart from his close concern with geology, he has little to add to the reports of other travellers. His experiences were not particularly remarkable. Most of them were of the kind you enjoy yourself but that tend to bore your friends after their first flush of interest has passed. Mr. Young saw and describes all the conventional things: Spanish missions in California, the redwoods, Yosemite and Yellowstone, the canyon country and the Mohave desert. But his approach is pretty much that of the travel bureau. His journey, moreover, took place several years ago. Some of his facts are now incorrect; and some things that are now important—the Grand Coulee dam and its associated projects, for instance, and the Indian problem in Arizona—either did not then exist or have only recently attracted public notice. But his book would make good reading in the higher school geography classes.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

SNOWDON

Snowdonia: The National Park of North Wales. By F. J. NORTH, BRUCE CAMPBELL and RICHENDA SCOTT. *Collins.* 21s.

What a pity that the name *Snowdonia* should be "so firmly fixed in the popular mind that it is unlikely ever to be displaced," since the English name of Snowdon was originally given to the whole mountainous region of Caernarvonshire, not to a single mountain. However, there it is: this wild and grand area is permanently labelled with a name which has—how can one explain it?—a mysterious linguistic affinity with Metroland. It will bear that name as our first National Park, which the 'New Naturalist series' now heralds with a stout guinea handbook of the same title.

This volume, since it serves both as a natural history survey of the terrain and an introduction to all brewing quarrels about Welsh hydro-electric schemes, is most topically apt.

The production of a book of this kind is a complicated undertaking. How is one to display, in terms which shall satisfy both the knowledgeable native and the inquiring outsider, the character of this romantic and resolutely foreign corner of Britain? Its natives speak an inaccessible tongue, and are engrossed in a highly individual spiritual drama, unique blend of Celtic passion and eighteenth-century Calvinism. They appear to the outsider as agreeable and unreliable, pious, poetic, humorous and sly, and they may well be so—or not; he will never find out. The Welsh have, perhaps more than any other subject race, refused to absorb, or be absorbed by, their conquerors. The visitor, even the enamoured settler, need never hope that they will love him as themselves.

Then, the country itself is of so special a character, hugely dramatic in its range of naked peaks, so famous among climbers and tourists that the queues up Snowdon in the summer holidays are necessarily slow-moving; yet lush, wooded and mossy in its valleys, palm and camellia flourishing in moist demesnes within a few miles of the glacial scree where the botanist clings among the alpine flora. And the villages—ugly and forbidding at first to the English eye, black, slaty, geometrical and joyless, but to the initiated curiously moving and endearing, passionately clean, beautiful with whitened doorsteps, slate flags, clear bright fires, home-made bread—how can one both be truthful and do justice? Legend and history compete for attention with agricultural and political problems. The *cwms* and waterfalls are only less well populated with fairies than their Irish counterparts, the romantic legends of the dark and middle ages are richer even than Cornwall's. Yet who is to say whether these things are of more interest than the economic survival of rural Wales, or the undying hatred of the hill farmer for the Forestry Commission?

The authors of *Snowdonia* have wisely and grandly solved their problem by making a geological approach. To this (the geology and physical background) nearly a third of the book is dedicated, in close-packed chapters which at first sight may repel the beginner, but which prove, when resolutely broached, to be among the most rewarding in the book. Who is not enlarged by the knowledge that the slate mines of Blaenau Festiniog, whose giant refuse tips on a wet day transform whole villages and mountainsides into a black and gleaming Doré-esque vision of hell, are relics of Snowdon's volcanic era, say three hundred and seventy million years ago, when the whole range erupted, folded, crumpled, and pushed up its outline? Who is not startled to learn that these giant movements took place, not where one would reasonably expect, but at the bottom of the palæozoic sea?

After the melodramas of geology the flora and fauna of Snowdon are, by comparison, tame. Though the region has its rewards for the climbing botanist, there are no sensational rarities; the badger, the otter and the fox abound, the pine marten and the harrier are sometimes seen. Here and there one catches a hint that the field work has had its difficulties. In the Summary of Invertebrate Fauna, for instance, we learn of Snowdonia's *Siphonaptera* (fleas) that data was disappointingly meagre in Caernarvonshire, but that in Merioneth (where, presumably, the standard of living is lower) "some work has been done on this order." The Welsh flower-names, on the other hand, are rich in poetry, and many of them take us straight back to an unfamiliar, Catholic Wales before the Reformation, where monkshood was "Mary's shoe," the foxglove "Mary's thimble," and the thrift "Mary's pillow."

The last third of the book, dealing with the historical background (admirably surveyed and compressed by Dr. Richenda Scott) helps the stranger, as much as anything can, to understand the Welsh, and contains many handsome coloured photographs. It would be ungrateful, when so much has been provided for a guinea, to complain of the colour of these; there may even be something to be said for it. The unnatural metallic greens, the Reckitt's-blue lakes and parma violet distances are exactly what one is accustomed to in the local postcards, except that one misses the female figure in Welsh national costume who ought to be in the corner of each. The illustrations, therefore, have a nostalgic power which takes one straight back to the tobacconist's at Llanberis, and so, perhaps, can be said to have special value.

MARGARET LANE

THE UNDER-SECRETARY

Let Candles be Brought In. By Sir Geoffrey Shakespeare. *Macdonald.* 21s.

In the eyes of any ambitious politician, an Under-Secretaryship is a grey purgatory between the outer darkness, which is at least exhilarating, and the heaven of Cabinet rank. The Under-Secretary is underpaid—he cannot supplement his salary, like the back-bencher, by outside earnings—underworked, and under-esteemed. He has no part in the making of Government policy; he can say and write nothing significant; and his presence is either resented or tolerated by the Department in which he serves. But, to achieve the heights, the politician must pass through this valley of obscurity, knowing always that, if he puts a foot wrong, he will either stay there or fall from grace.

For Sir Geoffrey Shakespeare, however, the 10½ years which he spent as Under-Secretary to no fewer than seven Ministers was pure heaven. He is the natural Under-Secretary, the perfect third string which any Administration needs and which fits into any Administration—decent, facile and conscientiously adaptable. Ex-President of the Cambridge Union, he entered politics as a protegé of Lloyd George, for whom he worked as Parliamentary Private Secretary and then, after an electoral defeat, as lobby correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*. Under Lloyd George he was an ardent free-trader. But Lloyd George's star faded—his radicalism had always slightly shocked his Secretary—and Sir Geoffrey, in the 1931 crisis, saw the necessity for tariffs, joined the National Liberals, and slipped easily into his role as Junior Lord of the Treasury under "that great Chief Whip of the National team—David (now Viscount) Margesson. . . . I accepted my appointment with good grace, and was delighted to find myself in the team at last." And in the team he stayed for a stirring decade, rising through the Ministry of Health to the Financial Secretaryship of the Admiralty—"one of the plums," as he describes it. Policies change, but blameless Under-Secretaries go on—almost for ever. In 1938 came Munich and the resignation of Duff Cooper as First Lord. Sir Geoffrey was a Chamberlainite, and writes of Duff Cooper's resignation: "I had a great admiration for my chief and it was with very great regret that I heard the news. Lord Stanhope succeeded him as First Lord." It was not till Mr. Churchill arrived at the Admiralty that the Financial Secretary became a Churchillian. Perhaps the change was almost too well timed. Anyhow, in the Coalition Government he was pushed further and further aside, first into the Board of Overseas Trade and then into the Dominion Office. For a few weeks, in 1940, he achieved national status as the organiser of the Children's Overseas Reception Board. But, though the children loved him, the Prime Minister was sternly disapproving of a scheme which smacked of defeatism; in the next reshuffle, he retired into the back-bench obscurity of an ex-Ministerial baronetcy. He lost his seat in 1945. But ambition is unquenchable; Sir Geoffrey still hankers for a place in a team.

It would be easy to dismiss this pleasantly garrulous autobiography as an example of all that is trivial in British politics—easy, but

Commander
Stephen King-Hall
makes available the famous

K-H

NATIONAL
NEWS-LETTER

at your Newsagent
and
at all Railway Bookstalls
from
Friday 3rd. February
price 6d. weekly

FAITH *and*
INQUISITION
Susanne Carwin

A woman's view of the Spanish Civil War, this novel is more than the story of a girl who threw herself in heart and soul on the Republican side. It is given timelessness by the universal political issues which it raises and by its unforgettably vivid picture of Spain.

Ready Thursday. 12s. 6d. *net*

HUTCHINSON
INTERNATIONAL AUTHORS

Now on Sale

NATIONALISATION
IN PRACTICE
The Civil Aviation Experiment
by JOHN LONGHURST

A critical survey of the history of a nationalized industry and a brilliant analysis of the pros and cons of the most highly controversial political subject of the day, by a leading expert on air transport.

PRICE 12s. 6d. net.

TEMPLE PRESS LIMITED

ACADEMY EXHIBITION HALL
165 OXFORD STREET, W.1.
YUGOSLAV EMBASSY—LONDON
& THE ANGLO-YUGOSLAV FRIENDSHIP SOCIETY
present
YUGOSLAV FOLK ART
EXHIBITION
Daily until 28th Feb. from 10.30 a.m.–8 p.m. Open Sundays

mistaken. If all our politicians were as avid of responsibility as Mr. Churchill or Mr. Bevan, our Parliamentary institutions would burst under the pressure of their personalities. If all Under-Secretaries were men of fiery conviction, like Mr. Hogg or Sir Richard Acland, no Administration would be stable. Democracy means the civilising of the struggle for power and the softening of rugged conflicts of principle by injections of sweet expediency. This is why every Prime Minister requires, for a majority of the posts in his Administration, honest, unassuming career politicians, who can read a Departmental brief almost as though they had composed it; put a questioner off the scent without actually saying what is untrue; and accept without frustration the unimportance of their own activities.

The born Under-Secretary is the ballast of British public life, and he has the virtues as well as the defects of mediocrity. He is fiercely ambitious for a place in the team, yet modestly disclaims any part in forming policy. He always chooses a patron and backs him consistently in the topmost struggle for power—unless, of course, the patron comes a cropper, when a transfer is permitted. He puts loyalty to the team first and, except where his constituents or his patron are affected, loyalty to principle a long way second. Finally, he leads the attack on any new idea, and yet knows when the time has come to treat that new idea as something loyal members of the team have accepted all along. Though politicians of Sir Geoffrey's type are not very interesting, they are thoroughly useful and deserving people.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

CHILDREN OF EUROPE

Children of Europe. By DOROTHY MACARDLE. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

Nobody Wanted Sam. By MARY HOPKIRK. *Murray.* 15*s.*

The trouble is, as a character in Mr. Rex Warner's *Men of Stones* has recently reminded us: "Two or three people in pain or misery . . . excite our pity; but when you see hundreds going to death, somehow they seem more like animals than human beings, though, in point of fact, they are not animals." The normal response to cruelty to children, say, or to child-murder is expressed in the street ballad on Mrs. Dyer, the baby-farmer of Reading, which Mrs. Hopkirk quotes in *Nobody Wanted Sam*:

> The old baby farmer 'as been executed,
> It's quite time she was put out of the way,
> She was a bad woman, it isn't disputed,
> Not a word in her favour can anyone say.

She was a bad woman, it isn't disputed; yet seen from the vantage point of the evil Forties, she was singularly unsophisticated and unambitious. She murdered no children by giving them intravenous injections or stuffing them with poisoned chocolates; she didn't set them to work in the crematoria in which their parents burned and then incarcerate them in gas chambers; she simply, in her old-fashioned nineteenth-century way, strangled them and threw their bodies in the Thames. In her chosen career of infanticide she was, by modern standards, the merest beginner in crime. Where she slew her tens, the Nazis slew or were directly responsible for the deaths of hundreds of thousands of children, and while horror is the emotion appropriate to her behaviour the feelings are numbed in the face of child-murder repeated for the millionth time. It is doubtless because the imagination cannot absorb so much in the way of horror that individual instances, such as the destruction of Lidice, are taken and made to stand for the whole. As Miss Macardle shows in *Children of Europe*, there were many Lidices. Miss Macardle's is a valuable book—and having said so, one is tempted to ask, valuable to whom? In essentials it contains nothing that we didn't know, or ought not to have known, before. Perhaps it may best be described as the documentation, the completest statement yet of the facts and figures, all drawn from official sources, behind that poignant film we saw recently about displaced children, *The Search*. It is a sober recital of horrors, scrupulously documented and inevitably repetitious, for Miss Macardle deals with the condition of children during the war-years in country after country, in central Europe and the Balkans, in Norway and the West, and in Germany when the fighting ceased. She recounts what has been done to restore the children who survived to mental and physical health—and how pitifully small it must be compared with the damage done—and reminds us that we have yet to learn the psychological consequences of the years of deprivation, anxiety and ill-treatment; the full harvest of the misery still awaits us.

It is just as well to have the misery collated and collected in one volume. Yet in a sense the documentation of the condition of Europe's children is the least important aspect of the book. What is of primary importance is the first chapter, the account of Nazi education and of the deliberate attempt on the part of Hitler and his followers to pervert the children of Germany in accordance with a carefully devised policy rigorously followed. Everything else followed from that, and it was there that the real crime against humanity lay. "The whole function of all education is to create a Nazi," thus Rust, the Reichminister of Education, in 1938. And as soon as the real crime becomes apparent, the proper response to Miss Macardle's book and the record of facts it contains is clear. It is simply the cold, clear and unsurprised recognition that everything she sets down, all the miseries of cruelty, starvation and neglect, are possible, and indeed probably inevitable, whenever the only conception of man is a political conception. If it helps to bring about that realisation *Children of Europe* will be valuable to us all.

Miss Macardle's book covers ten years, Mrs. Hopkirk's more than four hundred, from the first Poor Law to the publication of the Curtis Report. Her theme, adequately documented but somewhat facetiously executed, is the treatment of the unwanted child, more often than not the bastard, during that period. An alternative title to *Nobody Wanted Sam* might well be *Wragg Is In Custardy*, for the book is, naturally, as much about the mother as the child. There were times, as Mrs. Hopkirk shows, when Wragg, as the mother of three bastards, was better off than the respectably married, for in the eighteenth century it paid to have bastards. Indeed, for the greater part of the four centuries Mrs. Hopkirk deals with, wretched though conditions were in workhouses and institutions, they were never quite so bad as they were for the respectable poor who slaved so hard to avoid them. It is a grim record that Mrs. Hopkirk relates, of infanticide, prostitution, baby-farming, boy chimney sweeps, children imprisoned from the age of three in cotton mills and coal mines, skin and Lock hospitals and Penitent Female Refuges; but lit up from time to time by instances of quite disinterested human goodness, goodness embodied in such men and women as Captain Coram, the indefatigable Hanway, Barnardo, Shaftesbury, the greatest of them all, and Josephine Butler. Rightly, at the end of her survey of four centuries of the unwanted child's fate, Mrs. Hopkirk refuses to allow us to be complacent; she reminds us that since the war the number of prosecutions for cruelty to children has doubled.

WALTER ALLEN

SIR JOHN HAWKINS

Hawkins of Plymouth. By JAMES A. WILLIAMSON. *Black.* 25*s.*

Dr. Williamson writes as if he was addressing the more intelligent members of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich. This is both his strength and his weakness. Fittingly for a maritime historian, his scholarship is practical. He is not content to tell us that a voyage was made and that it produced certain results. He shows us the obstacles, the tides, the winds, the rotting planks, the unpaid crew dying of scurvy or dysentery. When he leaves the sea to discuss English or European development, however, we feel that the Wardroom has dulled his mind. We are back in the world of ABCA pamphlets.

Hawkins of Plymouth, although it cannot compare with the same author's *Age of Drake*, is based on the most thorough research and is always readable. It covers the whole of the sixteenth century, since Dr. Williamson deals not only with the career of Sir John Hawkins, but with his father, brother and son. The chapters on the expedition to San Juan de Ulua and on the defeat of the Armada are first-class pieces of historical writing. The accounts of living conditions on board sixteenth-century ships and of Hawkins's care for his crew's welfare are well done and at times moving. The last section, which deals chiefly with Hawkins's reorganisation of the Navy in the crucial years 1578–88, and the chapter on the Tudor Navy should be consulted by all future historians of the period.

THE WILL AND THE DEED

The administration of estates and trusts is an arduous and specialised task. It imposes a burden on individuals, not only because of the demands it makes on their time, but also because of the heavy responsibility it carries. Lloyds Bank offers you the services of the executor and trustee organisation which it has built up over the last forty years.

Let LLOYDS BANK look after *your* interests

1677

Company Meeting

DISTRICT BANK LTD.

The Chairman, Sir Thomas D. Barlow, G.B.E., has circulated with the report and accounts, his statement to the shareholders of District Bank Ltd., prior to the 120th annual general meeting to be held on 10th February at the Head Office, Spring Gardens, Manchester. In the course of his statement the Chairman said :—

From the Balance Sheet you will see that deposits have increased by £5,700,000 and now stand at a record figure of £231,000,000. To the extent that they reflect a growth in our business these figures are very satisfactory. On the other hand, the fact that banking deposits as a whole still remain at a high level is an indication that the country is not showing the measure of disinflation which has long been regarded as necessary for economic recovery.

With larger resources at our disposal we have made some changes in the distribution of our assets. To maintain the customary ratio our cash has been increased and, in order to preserve a high degree of liquidity, this item is supplemented by more Money at Call and Short Notice and also by Bills of Exchange.

Arising out of these variations our short assets of £88,400,000 represent 38.2 per cent. of our liabilities to depositors and, with Treasury Deposit Receipts, amount to £119,000,000.

Our Investments show an increase of over £3,000,000. A high percentage of our holdings in British Government Securities is repayable in the next few years and most of the remainder at fixed dates. The market value of our Investments at 31st December last was in excess of the figure shown in the Balance Sheet.

Our lendings continue to be well spread, and the figures revealed by our usual analysis do not call for any special comment, except that I should like to point out that advances for farming are running at a higher level, an indication that, as in the past, we are assisting this industry to carry out the Government's agricultural policy.

The remaining item, Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits and other obligations, is closely related to the work of our Foreign Department. In addition to the normal activities associated with Exchange Control, this Department has been called upon to resolve many problems arising out of the devaluation of sterling and other currencies. A particular feature of its expanding business is the increase in the volume and value of Foreign Bills for Collection which, owing to the transition from a sellers' to a buyers' market, are again tending to replace the Export Credit as a means of financing overseas trade. Through its Information Service, the Department continues to foster the development of exports and its recently published eighth edition of the "Digest of the U.K. Exchange Regulations" has been much in demand.

The business of the Trustee Department continues to expand. Recently, in order to provide more commodious premises, the Trustee Branch at Old Bond Street, London, has been transferred to our City Office in Cornhill. The Department, however, still maintains an office in the West End for the convenience of clients.

The Net Profit for the year, after making the usual provisions, is £504,880. This figure may be considered satisfactory when allowance is made for the burden of taxation and increasing costs. With the amount brought forward there is for disposal £798,896 and, as mentioned in the Report, we have, as in the previous year, allocated £200,000 to our General Reserve. After providing for the dividend at the same rate as last year there remains £313,256 to be carried forward. The Bank's contribution to the Pension Fund has this year been made before arriving at the Net Profit, and it is proposed to deal similarly with this item in future.

It is the policy of the Bank to expand by adding to its network of branches. Within the next few months branches will be opened in Oxford Street, London, and in Tunbridge Wells.

BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED

SIR WILLIAM MACNAMARA GOODENOUGH, Bart., LL.D., Chairman.
WALTER OSBORNE STEVENSON, ANTHONY WILLIAM TUKE } Deputy Chairmen.
CUTHBERT FITZHERBERT, Vice-Chairman.
General Managers : F. C. ELLERTON, G. F. LEWIS, R. G. THORNTON, J. D. COWEN, E. BROWNLOW

Statement of Accounts, 31st December, 1949

LIABILITIES

	£
Current, Deposit and other Accounts	1,266,343,422
Acceptances, Guarantees, Indemnities, etc., for account of customers	47,362,892
Paid-up Capital	15,858,217
Reserve Fund	13,000,000

ASSETS

Cash in hand and with the Bank of England	111,181,451
Balances with other British Banks and Cheques in course of collection	46,198,552
Money at Call and Short Notice	85,835,150
Bills Discounted	160,803,323
Treasury Deposit Receipts	171,500,000
Investments	302,827,932
Advances to customers and other Accounts	297,969,264
Investments in Subsidiaries :—	
The British Linen Bank	3,725,986
Other Subsidiaries	5,554,669
Other Trade Investments	1,589,062
Bank Premises and adjoining Properties	7,815,244
Customers' Liability for Acceptances, Guarantees, Indemnities, etc.	47,362,892

HEAD OFFICE: 54 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.3

أتستطيع بحث المسألة في الأسبوع القادم ؟

"Easily—I'll fly at once!"

Competition in today's rapidly changing markets waits for no man. Buyers and sellers with overseas interests know that a decision made today in Egypt, South America or South Africa, for example, may well mean a flying trip there tomorrow.
They know, too, that 175,000 miles of Speedbird routes to 51 countries on *all six continents* enable them to fly without delay, swiftly and in comfort—on *one ticket* all the way. Complimentary meals are served en route. No tips or extras for prompt, courteous attention. It's part of B.O.A.C.'s 31-year-old tradition of Speedbird service and experience.

No charge for advice, information or bookings by Speedbird to all six continents at your local B.O.A.C. Appointed Agent or B.O.A.C., Airways Terminal, Buckingham Palace Rd., S.W.1. Tel: VICtoria 2323.

B.O.A.C. TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

FLY BRITISH BY B·O·A·C

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION IN ASSOCIATION WITH Q.E.A., S.A.A. AND T.E.A.L.

LIFE-BOAT FACTS

RADIO TELEPHONY

A New type of radio telephony and loud hailer is being fitted to all Life-boats. The operators can talk to the shore by radio telephony, or to the wreck through the loud hailers. The yearly cost of hiring this equipment will be £10,000. Help provide this extra safeguard by sending a contribution however small.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION
42, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1.
The Duke of Montrose, K.T., C.B., C.V.O., V.D., *Treasurer*.
Col. A. D. Barnett Brown, M.C., T.D., M.A., *Secretary*.

CONTINENTAL *Holidays!*
Write for Programme NOW
W.T.A. 49, GILLINGHAM ST., LONDON, S.W.1

THE LITTLE THAT MATTERS SO MUCH

The test of aspirin is its purity.
Just because of its purity Howards Aspirin costs a little more.

HOWARDS ASPIRIN
It is not the cheapest—it is the best.
Made by HOWARDS OF ILFORD
Established 1797

Nevertheless, the book is far from satisfactory. As a study of a family or of a man it is lifeless. Hawkins emerges from it as an honourable public servant—Dr. Williamson goes to unnecessary lengths to show that his standards of honour were different from ours—and as a captain with an unusual regard for the living conditions of his crew; but he becomes a human being only when we look at the five portraits that are printed with the text. Nor does Dr. Williamson place the Hawkins-Drake-Frobisher circle of captains, merchant adventurers and discoverers within its context. We are told very little of value about sixteenth-century England, although every now and then we are treated to textbook history of the worst kind, such as the description of the Englishmen of Henry VIII's reign as "free men, free spoken, free living, contemptuous of officialdom, revering no man but their great free-thinking King." I felt the need of an account of the Spanish economy, and would have liked a more detailed reference to contemporary developments in France or the Netherlands. The illustrations, especially the Hawkins portraits, are fascinating, but I would be prepared to sacrifice all three of the small maps that are published for one large map covering sixteenth-century discoveries.

R. C. WRIGHT

Into the Breach. By LOVEDAY MARTIN.

Part-time Education in Great Britain: An Historical Outline. By H. C. DENT. *Turnstile Press.* 5s. each.

These slim volumes, which can be comfortably swallowed on a fast train between Paddington and Oxford, are to be commended for combining adequate information with readable style. *Into the Breach* is an enthusiastic but not uncritical account of the Emergency Training Colleges. Mr. Martin has some hard things to say about the Ministry of Education. Those in the queue for places were called "Emergency Waiters"; what a ghastly name! At one time all books had to be purchased through H.M. Stationery Office, which meant frustrating delays, while desired volumes could be seen, and then seen disappearing, from booksellers' windows. The Ministry, however, had accepted its Committee's scheme, which indicates imagination at the highest level, and enlisted a number of enthusiastic principals and staffs. Mr. Martin suggests that a similar emergency scheme might be introduced for the Nursing profession. The abiding lesson of the scheme, however, is more likely to derive from the admitted fact that the good trainee of 27-28, with some experience of life, proved better material than the youngsters straight from school. In the second book, which is scarcely what his high reputation leads one to expect, Mr. Dent attempts the difficult task of presenting in 67 pages both a history of all part-time education since 1700 and a prophecy of the likely future development. The earlier history is better than the more recent. He misses the great point of the W.E.A. As Halévy noted, the University Extension Movement had been "captured by the Middle Class": the W.E.A. demand was that the syllabus should be decided by the class with the tutor. This democratic contribution is important not only historically but prospectively. The new County Colleges will surely succeed or fail, according to their ability to root themselves in the young people (not schoolchildren) with whom they have to deal.

An Introduction to Georgian Architecture. By PROFESSOR A. E. RICHARDSON. *Art & Technics.* 25s.

Since the architecture of the eighteenth century became popular there has been a spate of more or less popular books on Georgian London, Georgian Bath, Georgian Churches, Georgian This and Georgian That, but there has been no comprehensive book on the architecture of the period as a whole. The choice of Professor Richardson to write the first comprehensive survey is a happy and almost inevitable one, for the professor has done more than anyone to establish the claims of Georgian architecture and to fight for its survival by activities such as those of the Georgian Group. Anyone who has enjoyed the remarkable experience of witnessing him lecture on an occasion when his lantern slides have been forgotten will know what to expect of the book, and will not be disappointed. It is not an academic or scholarly summary of the subject but a scintillating commentary delivered with enthusiastic exuberance. It is full of fascinating references to his own special little bits of knowledge about copy-books and craftsmen, and dwells lovingly on his own particular favourites like Robert Mylne and Henry Holland. The extempore blackboard sketches are there to enliven and elucidate the comments. But luckily at the end of the book are all the forgotten slides, nearly two hundred of them, in themselves a splendid and original record of the development of building from 1714 to 1830. Throughout it is a continuous treat for anyone with a taste for the Georgian. But the pleasures of the book are not just those of being reminded of old friends, Somerset House and the Radcliffe Camera, Kent and Soane, Clarissa Harlowe and Batty Langley, Girtin and Gay; there are also many new acquaintances to be made. The only intellectual effort that is required in reading it is in relating the illustrations to the text.

Aubrey's Brief Lives. Edited, with an Introduction, by OLIVER LAWSON DICK. *Secker & Warburg.* 30s.

This beautifully produced and illustrated book is a delight to handle, which is important in a publication of this kind. Aubrey expressed the hope for his own work that "hereafter it may be an incitement to some Ingeniose and publick-spirited young Man, to polish and compleat, what I have delivered rough hewen." Mr. Oliver Lawson Dick has recognised himself as such a one, and using the manuscripts as if they were his own, has constructed this edition, claiming nowhere to have departed from the original text, but to have rearranged it ruthlessly. Aubrey, with his carelessness and haste, not to mention the illegibility of his manuscripts and his habit of writing bits of one Life in the manuscript of another, has always presented a problem to his editors. Indeed, anyone who is not a considerable scholar and something of a palæographer may well wonder how any ordered material has ever been culled out of the chaos of the manuscripts. In this edition, out of the four hundred and twenty-six lives that Aubrey wrote, one hundred and thirty-four have been selected. In these, accounts of genealogy have been omitted, each Life is prefaced by an outline by the editor of the facts that he considers Aubrey to have ignored, and a generally readable version has been produced. But the claims for this edition have been pitched too high. It is described by the publishers as "certain to become the standard work on John Aubrey" and "also the only edition which gives a complete and unbowdlerised text," and references in the Bibliography—Andrew Clark is characterised as squeamish, and his edition for the Clarendon Press in 1898 as "being handicapped by being heavily bowdlerised"—are a little uncharitable. Clark's suppressions are corrected, for example the episode of the "whistling boy" in the Life of Sir William Petty: alternatively Aubrey's marginal note to the Life of Thomas Challoner, that he had written of the wrong man, is omitted. The edition is without notes.

Chrysanthemums for Amateur and Market Grower. By F. W. ALLERTON. *Faber.* 15s.

This is an unusually good garden book. Mr. Allerton's knowledge combines that of the expert, the scientist, and the practical grower. He writes both for the amateur of small experience and for the commercial grower, but he writes clearly and when he gives information or advice, he makes it quite plain for which type of grower it is intended. If the comparatively ignorant gardener studied his pages carefully and diligently followed the instructions, he should be able to deal with the chrysanthemum successfully from the unrooted cutting onwards and upwards. The chapters on nutrition in theory and practice and on watering and light are exceptionally good and can be read with interest and profit by the gardener, whether he grows chrysanthemums or not. Chrysanthemum is one of the flowers of which the range has been enormously extended and in recent years, as the horticultural show proves, its popularity has greatly increased. It is not, as plants go, an exacting or difficult subject. It can be grown in the open and perhaps the greatest improvements have been made in the range and colour and form of garden chrysanthemums. The aristocrats require glass, though magnificent flowers can be produced in an unheated greenhouse. It is here that the growers vie with one another to produce improvements and "novelties." Whether all the novelties are improvements may be doubted; for instance, the exhibitor's passion for size and compactness of flower is making the chysanthemum of 1950 generally a less beautiful flower than the chrysanthemum of 1940.

Myths of Middle India. By VERRIER ELWIN. *Cumberlege.* 25s.

Mr. Elwin's reputation as an anthropologist will not be advanced by the publication of these "specimens of the oral literature of Middle India." The book consists of some three hundred myths and folktales from more than a dozen aboriginal tribes in Central India, grouped into twenty-three chapters according to subject. The tribe from which the story originates is given, but that is the only information. It is surprising that anybody can be found to-day to present myths as though Rasmussen, Boas or Malinowski had never worked on the subject. We are given no information about the myths at all: we do not know by whom they are told, or on what occasions, nor how they are regarded; we do not know how widely they are known; no variants are given, and no texts. This is the sort of material on which the "anthologising" anthropologists of the turn of the century had to work; but it is painfully inadequate by contemporary scientific standards. Some of the myths have a certain naive charm; but the majority, presented as they are out of context, are valueless to the specialist and of little interest to the layman.

Courses of Study for
London University Degrees

- Since 1887, U.C.C., with its staff of highly qualified Tutors, has prepared many thousands of students for London University Degrees, open to all without residence. Courses of study are provided for the required exams., *i.e.* Matriculation, or the Special Entrance exam., and the Intermediate and Degree exams. in Arts, Science, Economics, Commerce, Laws, Engineering, Divinity; for M.A., Diploma in Public Administration, and other Diplomas and Certificates.
- The College is an Educational Trust, not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern.

★ Write for free PROSPECTUS to the Registrar,

University Correspondence College
70 BURLINGTON HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE

The Turn of the Century,
The Turn of the Tide for Writers

Now that 1950 is getting into its swing and most New Year resolutions have been broken—remember to keep that special one—TO GET INTO PRINT IN 1950 through the London School of Journalism. With more paper for the periodicals there is an ever-widening field for new writers.

The London School of Journalism, founded under the patronage of the Press and staffed by expert writers, is ready to coach you by post on all subjects connected with writing, including Short Stories, Journalism, Radio Plays, English Literature and History. Each student is under the personal supervision of a trained writer and the best advice and criticism is available to those who undertake the course.

Courses are constantly under revision and the closest touch is kept with the journalistic market. If you are hesitant about your capability send a MS. for an opinion—there is no fee or obligation. Free booklet "Writing for the Press" on application to—

Prospectus Office:
LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM
57 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Tel.: MUSeum 4574

Company Meetings

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK LIMITED

Captain E. C. Eric Smith's Statement

The 117th Annual General Meeting of the National Provincial Bank Limited will be held in London on 9th February.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement of the Chairman, Captain E. C. Eric Smith, M.C.:—

Current, Deposit and other Accounts, which at the end of 1948 stood at £768,660,861 are now £777,059,630. The ratio to these liabilities of the more liquid assets, namely Cash, Short Money and Bills, is 38.7 per cent. Advances to Customers and other Accounts, at the figure of £230,663,148, compare with £196,227,349 at the corresponding date in 1948.

Net profit for 1949 is £1,413,126. This compares with £1,383,387 in 1948. An interim dividend of 7½ per cent. has been paid. It is proposed to pay a final dividend of 7½ per cent.

If the present level of general business activity is satisfactory the existence of a number of uncertain factors affecting the outlook for 1950 must be noted. Apart from the unsettling effects of the forthcoming general election, those engaged in trade and industry are concerned about the ultimate effects of devaluation on the general price structure. The export traders have continued to survive the normal hazards of international trading as well as the lectures of the Government theorists.

AN EXPERIMENT

Although the country has been for over four years the guinea pig of an experiment, the animal survives—a tribute to its constitution and stamina. Much thought should, however, be devoted to the question of what conditions would now obtain here had we not been shored up from outside. It is a comfortable feeling that it is the business of people who live in other countries to maintain us in that state of life unto which it has pleased our Government to call us. But it is also very dangerous.

When this experiment began, its practitioners were quite clear that pounds, shillings and pence meant nothing; their subsequent actions have gone some way towards turning this theory into fact. Government expenditure was immaterial. Pay packets increased, but the pound, not unnaturally, became correspondingly devalued. It is possible to persuade people internally, by juggling with subsidies, that their currency is worth more than in fact it is, but very difficult to convince the foreigner. When the pound was openly devalued this was not an act of statesmanship: it was a belated admission of previous error; and, for an importing country, of very grievous error. It was a confession that this country, through the employment of grants, loans and credits from outside sources, had built up an internal economy which made the maintenance of the external value of its currency impossible.

DEVALUATION

Devaluation has given the exporter an opportunity, but at a very heavy price in exported human effort in relation to return. No doubt, existing markets in the dollar area can and will be expanded and new markets found there, and every effort should be made so to do. The sale, however, of consumer goods, other than specialities, on a scale that would affect the oversea domestic producer (and to create any effect it would have to be on such a scale) will never be achieved, or, if achieved, tolerated. It is unpleasant to write this, but it would be misleading and mischievous not to do so. Do not forget that there are many other countries struggling with the dollar export market. A reasonable *modus vivendi* can only be achieved; and that ultimately, by a movement of dollar capital. Whoever first had the idea of attaching fixed labels to rates of exchange has much to answer for. Economic forces cannot be contained in man-made pipes be the bore 4.03 or 2.80. A rate of exchange is what will be paid, in a free market, in the currency of one country for the currency of another. It is not, and never will be, what the financial authorities of the respective countries consider should be paid.

The removal of exchange control is the goal towards which all our financial policies should be directed. The operation can never be painless, but by this means alone can a reasonable economic future for this country be assured. No one has yet determined for how long an ostrich can maintain its head in the sand without irretrievable damage to the bird.

BARCLAYS BANK

Need of Better Value for Money

The fifty-fifth ordinary general meeting of Barclays Bank Limited will be held at the head office, London, on February 9.

The following are points from a statement by Sir William Goodenough, Bt., LL.D., the chairman, circulated with the report and accounts for the year 1949:—

Our Balance Sheet for the end of last year shows a total for Current, Deposit and other Accounts of £1,266,243,422, which is below the figure of £1,274,660,008 at the close of 1948. This is the first time since pre-war days that our Balance Sheet has revealed a fall in deposits compared with the end of the previous year. The net profit for the year ended 31st December, 1949, amounted to £1,866,279, compared with £1,879,943 for the year 1948.

The total assets amounted to £1,814,286,599 against £1,864,887,762 last time, while Current, Deposit and other Accounts have fallen during the year by £48,879,382 to £1,699,395,760, which is reflected mainly in the cash item. Investments, apart from those classified as Fixed Assets, are £455,229,831 and Advances to Customers and other Accounts stand at £421,834,904. Both these items are higher.

CHANGED MARKET CONDITIONS

The events of the past year have greatly emphasised our previous difficulties and have brought the country to a critical situation. The fact is that we have passed on from a simple problem of production to a problem of production with the overriding complications implicit in the transition to a "buyers" market. It is now our imperative need to adjust ourselves to the change in atmosphere in the markets of the world, bearing in mind that we have also to accept the drying up of Marshall Aid and the lengthening handicap imposed by rapidly increasing production and constantly improving productive efficiency abroad. The immediate and continuing aim is as clear as it could be. It is, if I may put it in a homely way, to secure the giving of better value for money all round. That is the aim and it is impossible to be too emphatic about it.

As much as anything else it is a matter of seeing that the steepness of the upward gradient is reduced so that the tendency will be stronger to move towards the goal. It is summed up in the word "incentive."

I am convinced that the most effective single means of providing this necessary stimulus would be a significant reduction in the burden of taxation, which now discourages at all levels in the community the spirit that needs most to be fostered. The present rate of Government expenditure in relation to the national income is one of the prime obstacles to recovery. It is directly conducive to inflation and is a serious threat to the whole future of this country.

THE UNDERLYING DIFFICULTY

While we have so much in mind the immediate purpose of national policy, it is important to realise that our preoccupations at the moment, grave though they be, concern the means of surmounting a present crisis which requires emergency action to be taken quickly. The larger underlying difficulty which will remain when the crisis is past is not one that can be expected to yield in a short time to any treatment, no matter how sensible and effective it may be, even if it were possible, which I believe it is not, for a complete cure to be worked out in advance. We should be wise to think rather in terms of perhaps a generation of progressive effort in company with other nations to remedy the state of unbalance in the world's economy which has been growing up for many years and has been greatly emphasised by the destruction and distortions of two wars. Our own troubles, and those of many other countries, are largely due to this state of affairs. The greatest difficulty arises from the position vis-à-vis the United States.

One of the things most needful for the eventual restoration of a sound world economy is a strong revival of international lending in which the circumstances, as well as the interests of all concerned, call for the United States to take the leading part. This is in its essence a long-term question. Investment on the scale and of the nature required can hardly be expected to develop unless the prospects are such as to attract it. Before this can happen there must be clear evidence that policies which give reasonable promise for the future of individual national economies have been firmly adopted.

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED

INFLATION STILL THE DANGER

The annual general meeting of Lloyds Bank Limited will be held in London on 10th February.

In his Statement circulated to Shareholders the Chairman, The Right Hon. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, D.C.L., D.L., says that in retrospect the devaluation of sterling was only the latest in the series of crises which make up the history of the past four years. The ordinary citizen, sheltered by mounting subsidies, by an inflationary wages spiral and by secure employment even in the least essential occupations may find it difficult to believe that such crises have any significance for him. But it is the very fact that he has never been called upon to face up to the realities of our national situation which has made each successive crisis inevitable. For the most part, this blissful unawareness of the true state of affairs has been made possible by American and Canadian help.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh agrees that, given the situation in which we found ourselves last September, devaluation was no doubt the only course. Nobody now expects any government to support its currency by severe deflation involving the creation of mass unemployment, but that renders it all the more imperative to avoid inflationary courses which ultimately leave no choice but to devalue the currency.

DOLLAR PROBLEM

After reviewing the prospect of increasing our dollar earnings, Lord Balfour of Burleigh concludes that the dollar problem would not prove insoluble if our internal policies were right; but at present too much of our production is absorbed by the demands of the home market and of the soft currency export markets.

While production has improved, the progress has not been so remarkable—by comparison either with other countries or with pre-war output—as official statements would suggest. Indeed, the small increase in output per head represents a poor return on nearly £4,000 millions ploughed back into industry over the past four years and suggests that nearly the whole benefit of this new capital has been dissipated by slackening in individual effort. One cannot expect all-out effort in an environment from which the discipline of dismissal has been largely removed and the positive stimulus of reward deadened by penal taxation.

To prevent the rise in import prices due to devaluation from giving a further twist to the wages spiral, it is profoundly to be hoped that the individual unions will follow the T.U.C. lead; on general principles it is difficult not to fear that a wages spiral will continue so long as over-full employment persists. Even if the wage truce is observed to the hilt our economy will become even more rigid and static unless expenditure is curtailed so as to reduce employment in industries catering for the home market, releasing resources to find their way to the export industries.

PROPOSED CUTS INADEQUATE

All the indications are that the very modest proposed cuts are quite inadequate to secure even their limited objective of offsetting the impact of devaluation. To do no more than this would in any case only perpetuate the inflationary conditions which made devaluation inevitable. A realistic programme would aim at such a curtailment of expenditure as would restore some flexibility to our economy and permit a lowering of taxation to help incentive.

To sum up, too much spending still lies at the root of nearly all our economic difficulties. It is this which impedes the redistribution of our labour force and the achievement of our economic independence; which compels us to retain licensing and controls after more than four years of peace; which has kept taxation at peak wartime levels, with all its deadening effect on individual effort. A reduction of the present tax burden is a prerequisite to recovery; to make that possible it is for the Government in power to choose between the more essential and the less essential objects of Government expenditure. A few months of restraint in spending, not involving any severe personal hardships, would transform the whole situation. Our productive apparatus is sound; our people are sound, given the proper incentives; it is the management of our finances which has been defective. The basic lesson of the past four years is the need for restraint on the part of all political parties if we are to preserve the soundness and stability of the nation's money.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,040

Set by G. de Vavasour.

In the latest edition of his Dictionary, Dr. Johnson has been required to make a number of new definitions. Competitors are invited to supply four of these, chosen from the following: usherette, vitamin, dollar, air-hostess, swing(n), suburban, lend-lease, stagger (vb.), nudist, psycho-analyst, thriller, purge, dirt-track, quiz(n), black market, highbrow, refrigerator, the *N.S. & N.*, totalisator, spiv. Entries by Jan. 31st.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,037

Set by Naomi Lewis

The usual prizes are offered for a stichomythic verse dialogue (in 12 lines) between 1949 and 1950. To refresh competitors' memories, here is the Concise Oxford Dictionary's definition of Stichomythia—"dialogue in alternate lines of verse as employed in Greek plays."

Report by Naomi Lewis

Old Forty-niner, to judge from these dialogues, was neither noble in success nor grand in failure. Hortatory, minatory, monitory, admonitory as his utterances were, they suggest, nevertheless, that he was no great shakes as a philosopher. Not a Lear, not a Polonius (a pity, this last) he was—shall we say?—a Mr. Bultitude, rather. Not unnaturally, he showed little concern with any of the arts. Frank Pavry's entry did contain a reference to a recent P.R.A. and supplied the most Delphic opening:

"I saw Vishinsky nod his head."
"That was at night, on way to bed."
"I heard Lord Cube the State revile."
"I'll see the $ in Tate, and smile."

As for 1950, A. G. C.'s "You can't escape heredity, I fear," and Stanley Sharpless's "Hail, new-born babe, astride th'atomic blast!" between them convey the depressing range of the infant's character. The most felicitous, generally, of our competitors felt constrained to supply the infant's part of the conversation in onomatopoeic monosyllables. Of the novelties, the most pleasing was the engine-room hand-over in the currently fashionable Scottish idiom. E. W. Fordham's dialogue wins him first prize (26s.); R. J. P. Hewison, A. W., Pithecus, Isabel Finlayson and Leslie Johnson receive £1 each.

1950: Whilst you were reigning, father, what caused the wildest thrill?
1949: Well, Rita had a baby, and the panda had a chill.
1950: Yes, but tell me of some splendid deed that stirred men's hearts at dawn.
1949: Although we failed at Wimbledon, yet all the Tests were drawn.
1950: I know, I know; but what engaged the thoughts of thinking men?
1949: They took sweets off the ration, and they put them on again.
1950: What victories by land or sea were final and complete?
1949: Bruce Woodcock knocked out Freddy Mills, an astronomic feat.
1950: But in the Arts, dear father, what set men's souls afire?
1949: The *Folies Bergère*, Sonny, and *A Streetcar Named Desire*.
1950: But what did Britons talk about? What triumphs made them glad?
1949: The curing of the panda, and the baby Rita had.

E. W. Fordham

1950: Cheer up, old Forty Niner! Soon be dead.
1949: A truer word, thank Heaven, was never said.
1950: While I, all youthful vigour, usher in—
1949: Twelve months of folly, wretchedness and sin.
1950: —A long half-century of peace and cheer.
1949: The first half closes with its fiftieth year.
1950: That honour's yours: no sunset I, but dawn.
1949: What matter where the rotten limb is sawn?
1950: You Forties ever in every age were grim.
1949: Experience teaches—but my eyes grow dim....
1950: Close them in peace. Let me assume the load.
1949: I do: and Heaven forfend what I forebode.

R. J. P. Hewison

Engine Room of M.V. Tellus.

1949: Come to take over, Fifty mon? I'm fashed yon engine's pinking.
1950: Dropped a few revolutions, eh? 'Twill last my time, I'm thinking.
1949: It's auld but nane sae bad—it's them above that's fair disnlaying.
1950: The bloddy deck depairtment? Och! What pranks have *they* been playing?
1949: The first mate navigates by guess, the second mate by Marx.
1950: Losh sakes! And what like are the crew? The usual bait for sharks?
1949: White, yellow, black and brown, ye ken—a fearsome set o' loons.
1950: And what's the cargo? Ivory with peacocks and baboons?
1949: Grain, coal, hopes, fears, love, hate, unrest, bacteria and atoms.
1950: Who's the real owner? Who's the chiel behind 'Theos and Scrattems'?
1949: I dinna ken the bosses, mon—I only ken I'm bossed.
1950: Weel, guid luck on the Sirius run—I'll keep ma fingers crossed.

A. W.

1949: Welcome, young stranger, to my vacant throne.
1950: Why dost thou greet me with such joyful tone?
1949: Ah, gladly do I leave this troubled world.
1950: By me the flag of Peace shall be unfurled.
1949: Ay, true thou mayst unfurl it—to what good?
1950: It shall unite all men in brotherhood.
1949: And thinkst thou brothers always must agree?
1950: Such ancient quibbles cut no ice with me.
1949: Well, *plus ça change*, boy, *plus c'est la même chose*.
1950: An old man's gibe, a silly, worn-out pose.
1949: Poor child, ere I could walk I too would run.
1950: Lie still. Lo, the millennium has begun.

Pithecus

1949: Mine was a summer by the sun-god kindled.
1950: Too prodigal of gold, your assets dwindled.
1949: Dancing, my happy hours made holiday.
1950: You called the piper, I shall have to pay.
1949: How strong, in cloudless noon, the good grain grew!
1950: Ripen my crops with last year's sunshine, do!
1949: Rounding half-century, with jubilee—
1950: (In point of fact, that honour falls to me.)
1949: ——I carry sunny memories to Styx——
1950: Hear the old dotard with his *idée fixe!*
1949: And set my gold seal on a decade's strife.
1950: His record closes. Now for life! more life!

Isabel Finlayson

1949: Here is the torch; take care it does not fall.
1950: My grip is firm, although my hands are small.
1949: Most of your road, I fear, will be uphill.
1950: The climb is nothing when one has the will.
1949: You're young and hopeful; may your mood endure.
1950: Despondent age no power on earth can cure.
1949: Look any way you will, the prospect's drear.
1950: While still my brand burns bright, I shall not fear.
1949: Helpless we watch the follies of mankind.
1950: Who sees but folly must himself be blind.
1949: Farewell! My breath is spent, my race is run.
1950: Now to discern what web the Fates have spun.

Leslie Johnson

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Yearly, 32s. 6d.; Six months, 16s. 3d.; Three months, 8s. 6d. to any address in the world.

AIR MAIL

to any country in Europe, £2 10s. yearly (except Poland and Iceland, £3).
To other countries by special quotation.

AIR EXPRESS

Posted immediately on arrival at main air port.
Africa West, £3. South and East, £3 5s.
India, Pakistan, £3 12s. Singapore, Malaya, £3 15s.
Hong Kong, £4. Australia, £5.
New Zealand, £5 5s.
All AIR Subscriptions pro rata for six months.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

10, Great Turnstile London, W.C.1. Holborn 8471

CANADA & U.S.A.

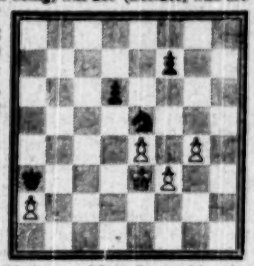
Residents in North America may remit for surface or Air Express subscriptions to:
BRITISH PUBLICATIONS Inc.
150, East 35th Street, N.Y.16, N.Y.
Surface, $5.50 yearly. Air Express, $15 yearly.
Both pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE on this issue Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1½d. Canada, 1d.

CHESS: Analysts Wrong Again

No. 20

What, again? No doubt, we could amuse ourselves for many weeks, throwing brickbats at the experts: but this, for the time being, will do. (Besides, who are we to throw stones? Aren't we all sitting in the glasshouse?) The following case of faulty analysis, far from providing cause for gloating, is rather a good example for the almost inexhaustible possibilities of even so simple a position as this one—or I should rather say, so simplified a position, for nothing in chess is really quite simple. The position occurred in a match-game Böök-Stoltz, and Böök lost like this.



(46)	P-Kt5	K x P	(50)	P x P	K-B5
(47)	P-B4	Kt-B3	(51)	P-Kt7	Kt-K2
(48)	P-B5	K-Kt6!	(52)	P-K5	P-Q4
(49)	P-Kt6	P x P	(53)	K-B4	K-B4

Here White resigned. But some time later the Dutch master van Scheltinga analysed the position and thought to find the saving grace for White by deviating on the 47 move.

(47)	K-Q4	Kt x KBPch	(49)	K x P	Kt x KP
(48)	K-Q5	Kt x KtP	(50)	K-K5!	

This would, indeed, force the draw. But Böök was not satisfied by the analysis and discovered that Black could still have won by deviating on his 49 move. Why and how? Still not satisfied, Böök went back to the original position (on the diagram) and found out that, if only he had made a better 46 move, he could have drawn after all. What, then, was this good 46 move which White had failed to see? And how would it have drawn the game? Competitors (for the usual prizes) are invited to provide the answers for this as well as the following position. Entries by Jan. 30.

Böök (unlike some of his colleagues) seems to enjoy "telling a story against himself," since in this position too, he was on the losing side. White played (15) P-KR3, and Black, after QB x Kt, finally lost the game. He had a much better move, though, overlooked by all the analysts, except one in Uruguay. What was this excellent move? As a matter of fact, it so happened that a correspondence game (Giminez-Infantozzi) took exactly the same course up to the 15 move, except that here Black did make the good move which Böök failed to see. It also so happened that in the correspondence game White made a very poor answer and lost. What was this poor move? And what, instead, would have been the right answer leading to a superior position for White?

Böök

Gligovic

This column is now to be a weekly feature. Results of competitions from now on will appear three weeks after the event, but the report on last week's competition will appear next week.

Assiac.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Employment Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

MORLEY College, Lambeth, London, S.E.1. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for the post of Principal of the College, left vacant by the death of Mrs. Eva M. Hubback, M.A. The College provides non-vocational evening education for men and women in the Humanities, Social Sciences and the Arts, and has well developed social and recreational activities. The Council is seeking a man or woman with a sound academic background and broad interests. The appointment is a full-time one, and carries a basic salary of £1,800 × £50 to £1,150 for men or £800 × £40 to £920 for women. Forms of application (to be returned to the College not later than Feb. 25) and further information can be obtained by sending stamped addressed envelope to the Secretary, Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd. London, S.E.1.

EAST African Institute of Social Research, Makerere College, Uganda. Applications are invited for the following appointments in this newly established Institute. Senior Linguist with specialist knowledge of at least one East African language. Salary on scale £950 × £25 to £1,050 per annum. Candidates should be prepared if possible to take up appointment in March, 1950. Four Anthropologists: One experienced field-worker, salary £695 × £25 to £770 per annum, three junior field-workers, salary £620 × £25 to £720 per annum. Appointments to be taken up June-September, 1950. Sociologist with practical experience in conduct of urban surveys, salary £695 × £25 to £770 per annum. Appointments to be taken up June-September, 1950. Secretary with administrative, and, if possible, library experience. Salary according to qualifications. Appointment to be taken up in March, 1950. All appointments are for three years in the first instance. Passages (including family) provided on appointment and on leave, which is normally taken after two years; expenses of fieldworkers paid; child allowance £50 per annum per child (maximum of £150). Superannuation on F.S.S.U. basis. Applications (six copies), giving the names of three referees, should be sent to the Secretary, Inter-University Council, 1 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Closing date February 18, 1950.

UNIVERSITY of Aberdeen. Lectureship in Moral Philosophy. Applications are invited for the Lectureship in Moral Philosophy. Salary £800 × £50—£1,100, placing according to qualifications and experience, with F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowances. The University pays a proportion of furniture removal expenses. Applications to be lodged by February 28, 1950. Forms of application and conditions of appointment may be obtained from the undersigned. H. J. Butchart, Secretary, University of Aberdeen.

B.B.C. invites applications for the post of Talks Producer, Wales, based at Cardiff. Duties include selection of speakers, editing of scripts and production at the microphone. Candidates must be Welsh speaking, with a good general education and wide knowledge of Welsh life and culture. Experience of writing and an interest in the spoken word, in both English and Welsh, would be added qualifications. Starting salary £610 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by £40 to £890 maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within seven days, marked "Talks Producer, Wales, N. Stm." For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. invites applications for the post of Producer, North American Service. Duties comprise the formulation of ideas for, and production of, talks and talks features, the selection and rehearsal of speakers. Essential qualifications are wide general knowledge, appreciation of style of the spoken and written word, imagination, tact and sympathetic interest in men and women of all sorts, with ability to grasp their problems and assess their needs. Desirable qualifications are sound knowledge of contemporary political and economic developments and knowledge and experience of U.S.A. and Canada. Normal starting salary £610 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by £40 to £890 per annum maximum, or for a candidate without all the qualifications desired, starting salary £470, rising by £30 to £680 per annum maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "Producer, N. American Service, N. Stm." For acknowledgment please enclose s.a.e.

SOMERSET Education Committee. County Library. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant, to be responsible for classification and cataloguing, on the staff of the Somerset County Library, Bridgwater, at a salary in accordance with Grade A.P.T. I of the National Scales (£390 × £15 to £435 per annum). Candidates should be Associates of the Library Association. Further particulars, with a form of application which must be completed and returned not later than three weeks from the date of this advertisement, will be forwarded by the undersigned on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. Canvassing either directly or indirectly will disqualify. W. J. Deacon, Chief Education Officer, County Education Office, Trull Rd. Taunton.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education. Applications are invited for a second Staff Tutor in the Education of Young Children. Initial salary not less than £500, according to qualifications and experience. Nine copies of applications must reach the undersigned (from whom further details should be obtained) by Feb. 15. W. S. Angus, Registrar, Univ. Office, 46 North Bailey, Durham.

NORFOLK Education Committee. Child Guidance Service. Applications are invited for the appointment of a Psychiatric Social Worker. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of the London or Edinburgh University or equivalent qualification. Salary £370 per annum, rising to £500 per annum by annual increments of £20. Previous experience will be taken into account in determining the commencing salary. The successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination and contribute in accordance with the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. Further details and forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned; envelopes should be endorsed "Psychiatric Social Worker." W. O. Bell, Chief Education Officer, County Educ. Office, Stracey Road, Norwich.

BY arrangement with the Civil Service Commissioners, the Prison Commissioners invite applica. for at least one pensionable post of Assistant Governor Class II (women) in H.M. Prisons and Borstal Services. Age limits: at least 25 and under 44 on January 1, 1950. Candidates must be of sound general education, able to fill a position of responsibility, and with a genuine interest in difficult reformative work. Salary (in London) £330 × £20—£470; rather less outside London. Starting pay may be increased by one increment for each year of age over 25 up to 30. Free uniform, recom. modation or an allowance in lieu. Applics. in response to this announcement are not debarred by the Provisions of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947. Applic. forms from Establishment Officer (A.G.II Women/2), Prison Commissors, Horseferry House, Dean Ryle St., London, S.W.1, to be returned by Feb. 7.

WANTED immediately for Woodford House, New Zealand (private boarding school for girls (12-18 years) in Hawkes Bay, North Island), Directress of Music to take charge music school and organise classes in singing, appreciation, aural training, the orchestra and Chapel music. Four other music staff share individual teaching of piano and strings, some harmony and theory. Similar English undenominational School. Spacious buildings and grounds. Salary government scale. Superannuation scheme or arrangements for maintenance of fares, passport, Accommodation in Staff House during holidays if desired. 3-year contract—passage paid out. For September, 1950. Senior English Mistress to teach English to Higher School Certificate standard. Interest in Library and Drama if possible. Apply to Woodford House Representative, c/o 15A Fitzjohn's Avenue, N.W.3.

SURREY County Council Education Committee. Applications are invited for the appointment of Headmistress of 2 new Boarding Special Schools for Deaf Children, age 5-11 years, which the Committee hope to open at Portley House, Caterham, in the Summer Term, 1950. Initially there will be accommodation for 32, which may be increased ultimately to 40 pupils. Salary will be in accordance with the Burnham Scale for Teachers in Special Schools, plus a Head Teacher allowance of £90 per annum (Group II S). Candidates must be qualified teachers recognised by the Ministry of Education and suitably qualified by examination for the teaching of the deaf. Forms of application and further particulars obtainable on receipt of a stamped (2½d.) addressed env. from Chief Educ. Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames.

HAMPSHIRE. Two Supervisors (resident) are required at Red Hatch Remand Home for Girls, Winchester, one to be responsible for the cooking and for supervising and instructing the girls in this and in domestic work, and the other to instruct and supervise in sports, needlework, or other leisure time activities. Both Supervisors, who should have had a good education, will be required to undertake general supervision duties. Salary in each case will be on the scale £240–£280 per annum according to experience, less a deduction of £78 per annum in respect of full board. Application forms may be obtained from the County Children's Officer, 2 Clifton Terrace, Winchester, mentioning this paper.

Y.M.C.A. invites applications from men between 21 and 30 to train as Secretaries. First essentials: a sense of Christian vocation and a good education with leadership ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth. Write, giving particulars of experience and qualifications to S/11, Personnel Secretary, Council of Training, Y.M.C.A., 112 Great Russell St., W.C.1.

THE Classical Music Adviser of the Decca Record Co., Ltd., requires immediately a Lady Secretary with musical knowledge and ability to organise, and who is capable of taking considerable responsibility. French and German an advantage. Apply in writing to The Classical Music Adviser, Artists' Dept., The Decca Record Co., Ltd., 1-3 Brixton Rd., London, S.W.9.

A MOTHER'S Help read. for small house Hampstead Garden Suburb. Excellent daily help kept, 2 children aged 6 & 3 yrs. Happy, cond. home offered reliable person prepared take charge whilst mother doing part-time job. Gd. wages and time off. Box 4215.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

READER, now employing Housekeeper, of first-class cook, thorough and capable, early 40's, strongly recommends her for post in or near London. Free soon as required. Interview London any day. Box 4439.

SECRETARY Shtd./typ., 20, welfare exp., requires similar or other interesting work. Can work on own initiative. Box 4238.

FIRST-Class secy./shtd./typist seeks position with psychiatrist or psycho-analyst, mornings only. Good knowledge book-keeping, French, German. Box 3886.

HONOURS B.A. (mus., 47), fluent French & German, exp. in International organisation, sks. post requiring initiative. Anything except teaching considered. Box 3944.

SECRETARY, wide experience, good shorthand and typing speeds, requires position of trust. Willing to travel. Box 4091.

YOUNG woman, B.A., at present private Secretary, resident London, seeks experience writing, fluent French, seeks post giving opportunities of creative work, preferably writing; other interests drama, publishing, advertising, etc. Box 4232.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE National Trust needs new members to help preserve the beauty of Britain. They are admitted free to properties. Details from 42 Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1.

ASIAN Institute, for promotion of brotherhood and cultural relations, offers a central meeting place to all Asians in London. Membership also open to Non-Asians interested Asian affairs. Annl. subs. 21/-. Students 10s. 6d., with full name, nationality & address, to D. P. Chaudhuri, Sec., 17 Irving St. W.C.2.

AVOID furs 50% by nature; particularly ermine. Write for Fur Crusade leaflets from Major Van der Byl, 49 Trequenter Rd. London, S.W.10. Postcards are needed.

A "Last"—Shiner Liquid Appetite" (in daily use in the famous Bircher-Benner Clinic in Zurich) is now produced in this country from selected English apples and is acknowledged one of the finest pure unfermented appetizers ever produced; available in leading hotels, restaurants, and from retailers; if unobtainable from your usual supplier send us £1 5s. for one dozen 20-oz. bottles, carriage free. R. I. Michel & Co., Ltd., 415-417 Oxford St., W.1.

£5—£50 is the price we pay for Cultured Pearl Necklaces; up to £1,000 for Diamond Rings, Brooches, etc. (Valuation by Fellow Gemmological Association). Register your parcel (cash or offer per return), or call M. Hayes & Sons, Ltd., 1961 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1. HOL. 8177.

INVISIBLE mending. Moth holes, tears, cigarette burns and all other damages in garments reserved by specialists. Seven-day service. Nylon, silk and rayon stockings invisibly mended in three days from 6d. per ladder. Call or send. Bell Invisible Menders, Ltd., 22 New Bond St., W.1 (Reg. 1250) & Branches.

LADIES can get the new Ortho Diaphragm from The Streatham Surgical Stores, 231 Streatham High Rd. STR. 2853.

LETTICE Ramsay, Photographer (of Ramsay & Muspratt), London Studio, 3 Warwick Gdns. Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

WHERE TO STAY

IF you have been ill, try Old Place Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead. Excellent food, bracing air and cheerful, friendly atmosphere. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

SOCIALIST Guest House in beautiful Ribble Valley (Lancs). Peaceful holidays, enlarged mod. farmhouse. Home cooking. Full board, £4 10s. Stamped env. for brochure "Clarkan House," Clayton-le-Dale, nr. Blackburn.

HOLIDAYS & Honeymoons! 58 delightful Hotels, inns, etc., in Devon and Cornwall, described and recommended in unique "Bide-a-While Book." Post free, 2s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

BOGNOR Regis, Hotel Sea Pander ***. "The House of Good Feeding"; facing sea; private lawns, h. and c., bedroom fires, Shumberland beds. Vacancies from 4gns. for early Spring. Jan.-May. Brochure: Telephone London Office, Gerrard 2372, or Bognor 213.

HASTINGS, first-class residence, gardens. French cuisine, atmosphere. Children minded. Continental Guest House, 10 Albany Rd. St. Leonards.

OWNERS of country house with central heating, modern amenities, Riviera climate, give personal attention limited number of guests. Walled gardens, farmery, 3 mins. unspoilt Cornish Bay. Box 4050.

EASTON Court Hotel, Chagford, Devon. We are used to writers and their foibles and provide strong tables and quiet. Walking, riding, golf or hunting. Considerably reduced winter terms. Tel. Chagford 3269.

PEMBROKESHIRE Coast. Field Naturalists and others as guests. Zoologist's sunny country bungalow. Pegsty Cot, St. Davids.

VEGETARIAN Country Club high up in Surrey. Thinkers' rendezvous. Generous meals. Upwood House, Caterham. Tel. 3633.

I.O.W. Modernised cottage, facing South, sea close. Excellent relaxing now; summer holidays later. Partial or full board. Sleep three: private suite. Palmer, 2 Harbour View, St. Helens. Bembridge 337.

WHERE TO STAY—*continued*

CORNWALL (South). Guest House with quiet friendly atmosphere, nearest residence to Kennack Sands. Near to Coigwith, Mullion, The Lizard, Coverack and Helford River. Magnificent sea views, safe sandy beach opposite. 5 mins. Write Kennack House, Ruggar, Ruan Minor, Cornwall.

CORNWALL. Trebarwith Manor. Lovely country house. Every modern convenience. All beds interior sprung. 15 acres grounds. Best cuisine. Among Cornwall's loveliest beaches. Surf-bathing Polzeath. Fishing, hunting. Golf at Rock (St. Enodoc). Open all year. Mildest climate in Britain. Excellent for asthmatics. Spring begins in January here. Phone 4202. Port Isaac 234.

EARLY Spring holidays for Bird Watchers. Comfortable accommodation, good food in quiet coastal village near Hickling and Horsey nature reserves. Terms moderate. Stamp'd, Woodbine, Sea Palling, Norfolk.

STEANBRIDGE welcomes guests of all nationalities. Rested holidays in quiet Cotswold valley. Beautiful surroundings: Comfortable inns: homegrown fruit and vegetables: breakfast in bed (optional). Flintyston, Swanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel: Painswick 2312.

WEST Sussex. Woodfold Private Hotel, Fernhurst, offers first-class food & comfort in beautiful surroundings for autumn & winter visits; half-fifty, bus serv. Fernhurst 276. Postal address & stn.: Haslemere, Sy.

DUBLIN'S Luxury Licensed Hotel. "The Majestic." Theatre in all bedrms., ideal sit., perfect food, mod. terms. Tel. 064321-2.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

COMF. quiet apartments with b'fast 9s. 6d. 1 min. Tube. Mrs. F. Boot, 14 Howitt Rd. London, N.W.3. PRI. 0776.

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY 4881. Charming, comfortable service rooms with board, reasonable.

AVONDALE Hotel, Tavistock Pl. W.C.1. Terminus 5225. Central all parts. 54 rms. all H. & C. Double rooms available from £6 6s., including bed, breakfast and dinner.

TO let, large modern furn. bed-sitting room, centrally heated, breakfast optional; gentleman preferred. SPEdwell 6190.

YOUNG New Zealand architect, marrying in February, wants unfurnished house or flat in London for 2½ yrs. Box 4390.

MODERN flat, 3/4 rms., gd. centr. distr. London, wanted African lady. Box 4300.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

DOCTORS, Dentists, etc. Detached House, quiet road, close Ealing Broadway. Admirably suitable professional and/or domestic occupation. All modern conveniences. Recently redecorated. 7 Bedrms., 1 dressing room, 2 bathrooms, 3 large reception., morning rm., Kitchens, refrig. and other accessories. Well stocked, good-sized garden. Long lease. Low price for quick sale. Box 3572.

SCHOOLS

BELTANE School, Shaw Hill, Melksham, Wilts. Progressive co-educational school, 5 to 18 years. High academic standards.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanty House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed.B.

KINSINGTON Fearnley Nursery School for children of prof. parents, 9 a.m.–5 p.m. 2½ to 8 yrs. Practical teachers, catering by qualified dietitian. French and Dancing. Car collection. Weekly boarders accepted. Radcliffe Nursery School, 47 Redcliffe Gardens, S.W.10. Fla. 0489.

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 3 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd. N.W.11.

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent. Co-educational, 5 to 18. A group of 150 children and adults, creatively concerned with education, agriculture and the arts. Organic 200-acre farm. T.T. herd. Directors: J. C. Guinness B.A., Karin Guinness (Dalcroze), R. G. H. Job, B.Sc.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts (West 52) for children 4 to 14—where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

ST. Timothy's School, Dawlish, Devon. Independent Co-educational school for boarders and day scholars from five to school certificate preparation for secondary and public schools, situated in ideal surroundings. Principal, Miss S. M. Brookes, N.F.U.

SHERWOOD School, Epsom. A Co-ed. Community (Boarding and Day). Aims: Co-operation, initiative, friendliness. Well-balanced education to General Certificate. Edge of Downs; excellent train, bus service S.W. London. Harold A. Pratt, B.A. (Oxon).

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby, (Hearing Ministry.) 100 boys and girls, 8-18. A well-organised pioneer school with a wholesome, vigorous community life. Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion desired some weeks. Stamp latest date acceptable to Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8474.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Last 2 days at 5 and 8. "The Silver Curley." Members.

UNITY. "Buster," by Ted Willis. Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Assn. Mem. 2s. 6d. EUS. 5391.

MERCURY. Pav. 5760. Evgs., 6.30. Mats. Thurs., Sats., 2.30: "Beauty & the Beast."

PLAYHOUSE, Henley-on-Thames, Henley 777. Jan. 30-Feb. 4. Mon.-Thurs. 7.30 p.m. Fri. 8 p.m. Sat. 5 p.m. & 8 p.m. The Tusks Theatre Company presents "The Importance of Being Earnest," by Oscar Wilde.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244. Sun., Jan. 22, 7.30. "Legend of Siberian Land" (A).

UTOMO, celebrated Indonesian dancer. First London appearance, Jan. 28. King George's Hall, Gt. Russell St. Tickets (7s. 6d. to 2s.). Eastern World, 45 Dorset St., W.1. Tel. WEL. 7439.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts. Jan. 22, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. Bloch String Quartet: Mozart C. K.465: Beethoven F, Op. 18: Bartok No. 3. Adm. 2s.

"CHOPIN" Lecture-Piano-Recital by Arthur Hedley & Natalia Karp amid Exhibition of MSS., letters, etc., at Chenil Galleries (Chelsea Town Hall), Monday, Jan. 30, 8 p.m. Tickets 5s., 3s., Cecil Roy, 74 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7.

SONGS of the New Democracies: Alan Bush and the W.M.A. Singers, Sat., Jan. 21, at 7. Salle Erard, 18 Great Marlborough St., W.1. A breath of new life.

COLIN Horsley. Piano Recital. Wigmore Hall, Sat., Jan. 28, at 3. Works by Beethoven, Max Reger, Lennox Berkeley, Rachmaninoff, Szymanowski, Prokofiev. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124, Wigmore Street, W.1.

ERICH Gruenberg. Violin recital. Pianoforte: Paul Hamburger, Wigmore Hall, Sat., Jan. 28 at 7. Vitali, Beethoven, Bach, Peter Wishart (1st perf.), Chausson & Szymanowski, 9s., 6s., 3s., Hall and usual Agts. Mgt. Richard Heller, 225a, Lauderdale Mans. W.9.

BRITISH-Polish Society. Dancing at the Warsaw Club, 81 Portland Place, W.1, every Saturday night. Come to the opening night on Sat., Jan. 21, 7.30-11 p.m. Band. Spot prizes. Lic. bar. Entrance 2s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

RECENT Tapestries, woven by the Edinburgh Tapestry Company. The Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Feb. 11. Week-days, 10 to 6 (Tues., Thurs., 10-8). Admission free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Watercolours by Chagall and Sutherland. Recent Gouaches by Raoul Ubac. Primitive Carvings.

ASHLEY Gallery, 28 Ashley Place, S.W.1. Mary Kershaw, Joachim Klein, Lochmaton, engravings; David Jones, engravings from the Chester play, "The Deluge." Open Mondays-Fridays 12-5.30.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Important Impressionist and Post-Impressionist Paintings, also modern French lithographs from 2 guineas.

THE Little Gallery, 10 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1. Paintings by Richard Ziegler, Jan. 2-31, 10.30-5.30. Sats. 10.30-12.30.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 131/134 New Bond St., W.1. Paintings & Watercolours of Spain by John Minton and Drawings by Leslie Hunter. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

TWENTY, Brook Street. Exhibitions. Paintings by Modern Masters and The Manchester Group.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Alan Clutton-Brock Paintings. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Exhibition of recent paintings by Theodore Garman; Rowland Suddaby; and Martin Battersby. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

FOYLES Art Gallery, Charing Cross Rd. W.C.2. Exhibition of Rare Maps of the Counties of England. 9-6 daily (inc. Sats) until Feb. 4. Adm. free.

ST. George's Gallery, 81 Grosvenor St., W.1. Waldemar Stabell—recent paintings. Also various selected paintings. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

YOUNG Contemporaries. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Daily 10-5 (inc. Sat.). Admission free.

PAINTINGS of the Middle East and other recent works by Bruce Hollingsworth. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

DEBATE: "That Communist regimes destroy freedoms essential to modern civilisation." Dr. C. A. Smith v. Prof. H. Levy; Conway Hall, 7.30, Jan. 23. Tickets 1s. & (res.) 2s. 6d. at door or I. British League for European Freedom, 86 Elizabeth St., S.W.1.

JAMES Klugman speaks on Tito's Betrayal. Hampstead Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, Monday, Jan. 23, at 8 p.m. Admission 6d.

BRITISH-Czechosl. F'ship. League, 20 Post St., S.W.1. Jan. 24, 7.30 p.m. Talk by Mrs. Rosemary Kavan on new Czechoslovak Bill on Marriage, the Family and Divorce. Evg. meal served from 6.30. All welc.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

INDIAN Independence Day: Thurs., Jan. 26. Public meeting: Central Hall, Westminster, S.W.1. 7.30 p.m. Speakers: Rt. Hon. C. R. Attlee, C.H., M.P., Clement E. Davies, K.C., M.P., Lord Tweedsmuir, H.E. V. K. Krishna Menon. Res. seats 5s., 2s. 6d., obtainable at India League, 47 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 3689.

"AUSTRALIA: Cradle or Grave?," by W. Curtis-Atkinson. Shaw Society, 57 Dean St., W.1. Jan. 27, 7 p.m. Adm., 1s. Feb. 24: Esme Percy. Mar. 31: Jack Lindsay. Coming: Zilliacus, T. A. Jackson, etc. Details: 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18.

WATERGATE Theatre, 29 Buckingham St., Strand. Tem. 6261. Lecture by T. A. Layton on "White Wines"—with practical wine-tasting. Chairman: Hugh Miller. Mon., Jan. 23, 8 p.m. Club Members only may buy tickets, 10s. 6d.

"WILD Wings." A lecture will be given by Eric Hosking, F.R.P.S., M.B.O.U., for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

E. Arnot Robertson on "What to look for at the Cinema" at Grafton Hall, Prince of Wales Rd., N.W.5 (near North-Western Polytechnic), on Wednesday, January 25, at 7.30. Admission free.

ADLERIAN Society Public Lect., Jan. 26, 8 p.m. Cors Hotel, Upp. Woburn Place. J. H. Wallis, "The Adlerian Mission—the social application of Adler's Psychology." Secy., Reginald Stamp, 32 Platts Lane, N.W.3.

PERSONALIST Group (Psychology Section). Cynthia Rowland on "The Prophet and the Executive," a psycho-political approach, Conway Hall, Jan. 24, 7.30 p.m.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Mon., Jan. 23, 7.30 p.m. N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "Opera and the People in Britain," James Robertson (Director of Opera, Sadlers Wells). Adm. 1s. 6d.

INSTITUT Français, 15 Queensberry Place, S.W.7. Tues., Jan. 24th, 6 p.m. M. Jean Simon on "Alfred de Vigny et l'Angleterre." Wed. 25th, 6 p.m., Dr. Lapeirot on "Perspectives actuelles sur la Biologie et le Traitement du Cancer"; Thurs 26th, 6 p.m., Films inédits d'exploration en Afrique, presented by M. Jean Rouch (Mems. only); Fri. 27th, 6 p.m. Piano recital by Emile Passani. Free.

URSULA Edgcumbe: "The Humanist in Bad Times. At the Ethical Church, 40 Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2, Sunday, January 22, at 11 a.m.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Jan. 24: J. B. Coates (Author of "The Crisis of the Human Person"). "What is Existentialism?" Adm. free.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Sun. Mtg., 11 a.m. Jan. 22: R. C. FitzGerald, LL.B., F.R.S.A., "Capital Punishment To-day." Adm. free.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. Jan. 22: The Meaning of Pain.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. January 28, at 6 p.m. Señor J. Fortes: "Algunos Aspectos de la Traducción Técnica."

ROMANTIC Realism. Henry Gifford opens lecture series on "Realism in Russian Literature." Readings by Peter Copley, Maxine Audley. Wed., Jan. 25, 7.30, S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Tickets 2s., series 7s. 6d. (reduction for members and students).

HAMPSTEAD Ethical Soc., Sun., Jan. 22, 7.45, Universal Rest., 169a Finchley Rd. (nr. Hamp. baths). Leslie G. D. Smith (Dir. Nat. Peace Council) "Living in Harmony."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, Thurs., Jan. 26, 7.30. "The Common Background of Indian Philosophy" (Contd.). All welcome.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed., Jan. 25, 6.30. Methods of Meditation. T. R. H. Randolph.

"SUPERSENSIBLE Forces in Man" (from the viewpoint of Spiritual Science). Lecture by Dr. Med. A. G. Degenaar at The Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1, on Wednesday, January 25, at 7 p.m.

BRITISH-Polish Society, 81 Portland Place, W.1 (Tel. LANgham 6301). Mr. Max Morris, who recently visited Poland, will speak on "Education in Poland" on Fri., Jan. 27, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

"HOW Criminals are Made and Reformed." Course of 6 weekly lectures by Mrs. Vesta Gill, A.R.C.S. Fee 3s. 6d. inclu. Commence Tuesday, Jan. 24, 7 p.m. at Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. Tel. EUS. 1816.

THE Isobel Cripps Centre is an independent organisation founded to extend and develop the work of the Psycho-Physical Re-education Group. The teachers concerned are qualified to teach Dr. F. M. Alexander's re-educational technique. Particulars from Secretary, 18 Lansdowne Rd., Holland Park, London, W.11.

SPANISH & French classes. 58 Princes Gate, S.W.7. KEN. 3139.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

"INCENTIVES to Efficiency in the Public Services." Ten lectures arranged by the Institute of Public Administration, 18 Ashley Place, S.W.1. Speakers: E. Davies, H. Gaitskell, L. Hardern, T. Johnston, Sir Ben Lockspeiser, Dame Evelyn Sharp, E. H. Rinsc, J. Rowntree, A. Flanders, G. D. H. Cole. Wed. mornings, 6.15 p.m., January 25-March 29. Hotel Victoria, Northumberland Ave., W.C.2. Fees 7s. 6d. Members, 15s. Non-members.

JOURNALISTIC Training plus Shorthand & Typewriting. Special day course at Langham Secretarial College in conjunction with London School of Journalism commencing March 13. Details from Secretary, 30 Percy St., W.1. (EUSton 5811.)

FOREIGN languages. Enrolment daily for Day and Evening Classes commencing in Jan. and Feb. French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners and all grades. Private lessons in all languages. Write, 'phone or call for prospectus (free): Schwarz Language Tuition Centre, Ltd., Dept. SAN, 10 Portman St., Marble Arch, W.1. (Tel.: MAYfair 5640.)

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training for women graduates and other educated girls. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Special courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands, and in Management. Scholarships available. Readers and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd. N.W.3. HAM. 3986.

HOME Study for Degrees, etc. Postal tuition for London Matric., Spec. Ent., B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ.; Sch. Cert., H.S.C. Low fees. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. Vi193, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

TYPEWRITING & Duplicating. Plays, Novels, Scripts, Reports, Theses, testimonials expertly typed & attractively presented. Beresford, 91 Priory Rd. N.W.6. MAI. 5391.

AUTHORS! MSS. and plays swiftly and accurately typed. Attractive presentation. Rathbone Secretarial, 3 Rathbone St., W.1. MUSeum 6021.

MILDRED Purst Typewriting Service. Careful work by expert typist. Personal supervision. Moderate terms. Special checking service. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAIda Vale 7479.

RANK Secretarial Service: MSS. accurately typed. 7 days' service for novels. Translations all languages. Moderate terms. 4 Queensborough Terrace, W.2. BAY. 8600.

LITERARY typing (7 day service all MSS.). Dictating machine service. Duplicg., indexing, editing, proof reading, cataloguing, etc. Translns. (Qualified Secretaries at short notice. Secretarial Aunts, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831. Also at Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St., Tunbridge Wells, Tel. 1255.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff—perm. and temp. Typing, Duplicg., Translations. WHI. 3501 (3 lines).

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 37 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WES. 4014.

PERSONAL

PART-time work with international flavour offered to cultured persons connected with Youth Organisations, Clubs and Educational Institutions. Remuneration on commission basis. Box 4081.

MRS. CAMPBELL (C.M. Teacher, half-French) can receive one or two more delicate, convalescent or backward girls over 12 years for general coaching. Lovely country and grounds, swimming pool, etc. Box 4085.

SAGITTARIUS and Vicky Gallup round the constituencies in "Up the Poll—The Stag's Guide to The Election." 30 ills. 2s. 6d. Out 10-day.

YOU may be brilliant, but lazy. While sometimes about their trivial panaceas for current crises, your personal opinions may be of real value to the nation. The society of Mensa invites your intellectual support, and the Secy., Upwood House, Caterham, Surrey, will gladly forward introductory booklet.

BSC. Economics offers coaching Economics, Applied Economics, Economic History, Constitutional History, Government Intermediate or Final. Box 3283.

STATE Registered Nurse offers hospitality with extra care for the aged or for those in need of convalescence, in an exceptionally beautiful house. Central heating. Telephones. Garden. Hampstead 2282.

NEW Writers—you can secure personal tuition and constructive criticism from established screen, radio, theatre and T.V. authors and journalists. Write Box 4381.

GOOD speech, stage trng., deportment. All exams. Consult an actor, Adrian Harley, late Prince of Wales, Lyric, Hammersmith Theatres, author of "How to Speak" (Pitman). 14 Tavistock Court, W.C.1. EUS. 3466.

VOCATIONAL guidance; marriage guidance; character delineation. Uncertain about your future? Consult J. N. Naylor, 72 George St., W.1. WEL. 5182.

PERSONAL—continued

ARCHITECT requires secretary one or two afternoons a week. EUS. 2650.

RUSSIAN, German, French by professional teacher. Oral and post. Nov. 8 Flat, 101 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

FRENCH, German, French lady, International Conference interpreter; wide teaching experience, coaches through all stages. Holds advanced Conversational Class and Interpreters' Class. FRE. 3909.

FRENCH and German taught by qualified teacher. Sarah Harling, Ph.D., 7 Brondesbury Villas, N.W.6. Maida Vale 4657.

STAMMERING Thoroughly Cured. Send for The Truth about Stammering to E. E. Barker, 145 Heathfield Rd. Handsworth, Birmingham, 19, who cured himself.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

TULIP Time in Holland. Special ten days Easter escorted holiday, £27 10s. Summer booklet ready. Alloways Travel, 20 Buckingham St., Strand, W.C.2. Tem. 8702.

WINTER Sports in February. Join one of our small groups for professional and university people wanting a gay, inexpensive ski-ing holiday. Feb. 3, Zermatt, Feb. 17 Austria, Feb. 24 Arosa. Full details of winter sports and social activities (incl. reunion dance on Feb. 11) from E. Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

WEEK-END house parties. London dances. For full prog. write/'phone Josephine Hall, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. Hol. 5831.

HALL, Leicester Sq., available for plays, films, lectures, classes, rehearsals, dinners, socials, dances. Apply Sec., Assn. Inst., 17 Irving St., W.C.2. WHI. 3678.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"HUMANITY"—the journal of the Atomic Age. An illustrated, monthly Review of news and events relating to the spreading idea of World Government, described by Lord Boyd Orr as a magazine which "makes articulate what the thinking peoples in all countries feel to be the greatest of all issues on mankind." Gift annual subscription rate 10s. expires January 31. Usual rate: 12s. (post free). Send to-day for free trial copy, enclosing 1d. stamp. United World Publications, 341 Bath St., Glasgow, C.2.

INTIMACY. Jean-Paul Sartre's daring best seller. According to Punch, "leaves Lady Chatterley's Lover asleep at the post." 2nd impression now ready. Of all booksellers or 10s. post free, Peter Nevill, 30-32, Old Brompton Rd. S.W.7.

"THE Linguist," the modern paper for modern languages. Features and articles in English, French, German, Italian, Russian and Esperanto. 1s. monthly from newsagents. Annual subscription 12s. 6d., from 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

ARE Soviet artists, scientists free? Read Anglo-Soviet Journal, Vol. X, No. 4, just out, on this and many other questions. Texts of lectures given here by Soviet delegates. 2s. 6d. (post 3d.) from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8.

ENJOY "Rude Health" for 1 year for 6s. 6d. Secy., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

BOOKS, second-hand, posted. For lists: Silverdale, 114 Newcity Rd., Glasgow.

RISHABHA Jains Free Lending Library. Works on Jainism, Psychology, Comparative Religion, Yoga. Write only: Secretary, 110 Cleveland Gardens, N.W.2.

BOOKS. Highest prices paid for all books in fine condition. Up to half published price for modern novels. Send for price list. Fiction Library Service, 159 Victoria St. S.W.1. 'Phone VICtoria 9827.

GERMAN books: Libris, 50 Harben Rd. London, N.W.6. Frl. 6990. Books bought.

WIR Kaufen Deutsche Bucher. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

TO keep the issues clear and the political parties clean read "Up the Poll—The Sap's Guide to The Election" by Sagittarius and Vicky. Over 50 ills. (Turnstile Press). 2s. 6d. from all bookshops/stalls.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: "Horizon," odd copies 1942-8. Grandfather Clock (cheap to good home); Gramophones—Linguaphone, 78rpm., H.M.V., 45rpm., 33 rpm.; "Corona" No. 3 Portable Typewriter in Case, English/French/German keyboards; Typewriter, Standard 4-bank, £15; Persian carpet, good condition, £25. WANTED: L'Assommoir," Emile Zola (French edition); Typewriter (Remington preferred), price secondary importance if good model; French Linguaphone or similar records; Italian Linguaphone set, good condition.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 1od. a word after, including forwarding replies.

More Classified Adverts. on Page 85

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by the Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.